This book constitutes the second chapter of Salvador Freixedo's basic trilogy. In it, Freixedo articulates one of his fundamental theories: man is nothing more than a guinea pig, and humanity is a farm, which has been exploited by beings more evolved than us, just as we would our own animal farms.

Without realizing it, the cows, oxen, sheep and many other animals that we exploit, gladly eat and graze on what we*generously*We then give them, still unaware of the intentions of "their protector", they meekly follow him to the slaughterhouse and sacrifice themselves, although not so willingly.

We are suffering the same fate, according to Freixedo, only in this case we do not know exactly who it is.*the shepherd*. Freixedo shows four real cases, expressly investigated by him, of this*agricultural exploitation*that these entities carry out with us. Freixedo's investigations point to the*little green men*so often mentioned in magazines, movies, TV series, etc. (which by the way, are not green but grey in most cases).

Freixedo emphasizes the need for us to realize that these beings LONG AGO stopped walking in our skies, and that we become aware that they are among us.

Lectulandia

Salvador Freixedo

The human farm

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To Magdalena, my wife, who with me has been an eyewitness to how the gods play with us.

WARNING

I don't know if with this book I'm signing my death warrant. I hope someone will defend me. But if not, I'd happily leave this wretched planet run by imbeciles and populated largely by sad, crazy ants. Leave... where?

I don't know. Only religious fanatics know that for sure.

INTRODUCTION

This book isn't science fiction, much less a novel based on phantasmagoria imagined by the author or mystical books. This is a book that narrates facts. Inexplicable and even absurd facts, if you will, but real facts, most of which I researched directly. And in some cases, I experienced and even suffered.

The eternal doubters continue to say that in the paranormal world "there are no proven facts." Indeed, for the closed-minded, there will never be enough cases or evidence.

But "the scabies aren't in the sheets." The scabies are in the narrow-mindedness of some "intellectuals."

The cases I present in this book are concrete and proven, and many of them are evidence that could be relied upon in a court of law and that I have found convincing. Others, however, are merely "circumstantial evidence" that helps us reach certain conclusions.

Does this book have anything to do with the UFO phenomenon and ufology? It has a lot to do with it, and it has nothing to do with it. It has a lot to do with it because it constantly refers to these mysterious devices that fly through our skies and talks about their occupants; and in one respect, it gets to the heart of the "UFO phenomenon."

And it has nothing to do with it because ufology persists in remaining mired at a primary level, devoting its efforts to compiling and even computing statistics on the shapes of the aircraft, the frequency and location of landings, and the size of the occupants. And in this book, that's not given any importance because it ceased to have any a long time ago.

What matters is investigating what these crew members are doing in our world and what they've been doing for thousands of years. But not from their ships, but rather mingling with us on our streets, inside our homes, and, above all, inside our minds.

Because what ufology fails to understand is that these crew members learned many years ago to get off their planes and walk among us, doing very strange things.

To present their many, hidden, and varied adventures in our world, and above all, to see what our reaction should be, is what I aim to do with this book. Meanwhile, "ufologists" (what's that?) will continue to collect cases without knowing what to do with them, and will become more confused every day.

On the other hand, this book is not for people who believe that everything that can be invented has already been invented, nor for those who think that science is capable of solving all the mysteries of the world, and that everything that it is not capable of solving is not a solution.

Finding a solution must be rejected as absurd or nonexistent. In this world we live in, regardless of the vastness of the infinite Universe, there are an enormous number of facts that far exceed the limits of science and cannot be explained by it because they simply exceed the capacity of our brains to understand.

Furthermore, the entire realm of the spirit—and the Cosmos, according to great astronomers and philosophers, gives the impression of being a gigantic intelligence and is more mental or spiritual than physical—completely escapes the methods and purposes of our science.

So let us enter into the consideration of the strange themes of this book, calm as to what scientists may say against us. "Primary" scientists, if they deign to heed what we say, will for a moment lift their heads from the routine task by which they earn their living and cast us in disdain, considering us to be poor, dream-chasing lunatics or myth-worshipping lunatics.

And they will continue routinely and relentlessly repeating their observations and experiments in their laboratories and clinics, to further their knowledge of the subject and also to provide for their families. God bless them.

They are the workers of science, thanks to whom we improve our instruments and sometimes our health. Humanity must be grateful to them for their arduous labor, which often ends up dulling the best qualities of their spirit and intelligence by forcibly and routinely limiting them to a single area of human knowledge. We must be understanding of their disbelief and their shortsightedness.

The other scientists, the "graduates," who are not mere workers of science, repeaters of experiments or recipes, but who go beyond formulas to philosophize about the why of life, and instead of following plans or guidelines laid out by others, design new paths for the mind, becoming architects and strategists of humanity—those will not criticize us. They will simply observe the fruit of our research in the fields of mystery, knowing that life itself is a gigantic mystery.

What enormous pleasure I felt the day I learned that the patriarch of modern "graduate" scientists, the great Albert Einstein, had as his bedside book none other than The Secret Doctrine, by the queen of esotericism—so reviled by mainstream science—Helena Petrovna Blavatski!

And how my spirit rejoiced when I read The Mystical Writings of the World's Most Famous Physicists (Heisenberg, Schrodinger, Einstein, Jeans, Planck, Pauli, Eddington) edited by Ken Wilber (Kairós, 1987)!

The thesis of the book you hold in your hands is highly audacious, but it is supported by thousands of facts that go unnoticed, intertwined with many others that are woven into our daily lives. However, it sometimes happens that throughout history, incredible figures appear or inexplicable things happen, which curiously do not awaken us from the lethargy into which social theories and religious myths have plunged humanity. Historians, sociologists, politicians, and the great modern mythologists—theologians—each explain them in their own way and according to their knowledge or interests. And humanity continues blindly walking down a dead-end path that only leads to self-destruction.

The thesis of this book is the same one I presented in Let's Defend Ourselves Against the Gods. But here I delve deeper into it and provide new evidence that the manipulation I described then continues to occur on a large scale, albeit disguised and hidden behind a thousand veils.

The grand thesis of that book holds that humanity is a farm of the "gods," understanding "gods" as rational beings, usually invisible, superior to man in understanding, who, in the end, are the true owners of the world.

In the order of transcendent ideas, we humans believe what they have led us to believe—and this is the origin and essence of all religions—and in terms of our knowledge of Nature, we know what they have allowed us to know. Until just a century ago, technical and scientific advances were largely due to what these beings communicated to some of their "enlightened" friends.

The amount that primitive tribes—so ignorant in other respects—know about the healing powers of plants, and the amount that the Chinese have known, for millennia, about the bioenergetic currents that flow through the human body, with their corresponding acupuncture points, are just two examples of this "revealed" science. There are many other cases of inventions and discoveries due to some "private revelation."

Today, things have changed radically in this regard. The human race has freed itself from many taboos that the "gods" had made it believe—precisely to prevent it from advancing—and is unraveling the secrets of matter and Nature for itself.

An important circumstance that must be taken into account in this thesis is that these mysterious beings who dominate us from the shadows are neither good nor bad in and of themselves: they simply use us, just as we use animals. Although we hunt them and organize shows with them, we do not hate them: we simply use them for what suits us. If that use involves good treatment (domestic animals, for example), we treat them well; but if that use

It involves bad treatment (animals slaughtered for our food) we kill them without any remorse.

The same thing is done to us by those beings who dominate the world and the human race.

The great deduction that can be drawn from this is that men are not the kings of the world, as we had believed, nor are we the most exalted of God's creatures, nor are we on the eve of embracing Him eternally if our works have been good during our stay on this planet.

All of these are childish things these beings have fed our egos with so that we remain oblivious to the greater reality that we are their slaves. They are the true masters of the world, and we only do what suits them, for which they have invented formidable strategies that I describe in detail in the book I referred to.

And since I don't want to repeat what I've already written, I'll simply make it clear, because I consider it of great importance for the correct conception of this new way of understanding the world, that not all of these beings are equal. The diversity among them is enormous, much greater than that among humans. If among the latter we find whites and blacks, tall and short, Europeans and Asians, males and females, etc., etc., among the "gods" the varieties are much greater, since our differences only concern external, non-essential qualities—since we are all human beings belonging to the same species—while theirs extend to the very essence of their "persons."

Many of them are radically different from each other, and the only thing they have in common is their intelligence, although we have to say that many aspects of their intelligence are beyond our understanding.

Some types of "gods" give the impression of being benevolent to humans, or at least to some individuals, while others act in a very negative or, at the very least, dangerous and illogical manner.

What do we base this on?

In facts. In thousands of facts that have existed since ancient times, known in all cultures, written about in all literatures, and present today in the lives of countless fellow citizens whose testimonies we cannot ignore.

The fact that official science has no explanation for them, or that the powers that be prefer to ignore them for political reasons, does not prevent the facts from continuing to await and demand a rational explanation, whatever it may be and wherever it may come from.

This is what we try to do in this book, knowing that we are exposing ourselves to the ridicule of those who know everything and those who can do everything. Again, God

bless.
Life is a dream. And they too dream of their technical advances, their dogmas, and their political powers. And like all dreamers, they also have nightmares of neutrino bombs, Star Wars, eternal hell, and rivers and forests poisoned by the chemical waste from their factories.
Our efforts to unravel so many of life's mysteries are no less valid than theirs. Therefore, we have the same right as they do to use our minds to discover the reason for something that has troubled human minds for centuries.
Surely the religious authorities will join the chorus of those who denigrate us. But you can't throw stones at someone else's roof when you have your own glass roof. Christian leaders have their creed full of angels and demons, which are in no way distinguishable from the "gods" and entities we are referring to here. The only difference is that their angels and demons see their activities limited to the dogmatic framework of Christianity, while our "gods" act freely on the planet, with all human beings, whether Christian or not.
Not only that, but the alleged "God" of Christianity, who manipulated the Hebrew people from a cloud, is, according to our thesis, just another of these mysterious entities that have always dominated humans.
Saint Paul repeatedly calls these beings "the lords of the world," and he had a very bad opinion of them. In his Epistle to the Ephesians, he wrote the famous passage, as confusing as it is illuminating:

"Our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the rulers of this dark world, against the spirits of evil in high places."**(Eph. 6,12)**.

These same "evil spirits in the heights" are what we refer to with the very generic name "They." At the end of the book, I compile all their qualities, which we will see emerge scattered throughout the cases I present. Of these, most were investigated directly by me and were selected from a large number of inexplicable events, which I have witnessed more or less closely.
Some of them have left an indelible mark on my life, and I carry the deep scars of being involved in them. And precisely because of this manipulation we're talking about, I'll most likely go to my grave without being able to reveal all of its intimate details.

I must warn the reader that in several cases I change the location of

facts and the names of the protagonists at their request. In others, I have been forced to distort the event itself somewhat so as not to betray the identity of the individuals who, if I were to narrate the event exactly as it happened, would be easily identified by their relatives or neighbors. But the essence and paranormality of the events, and above all their reality, are not affected by these small distortions.

THE VISIBLE OWNERS OF THIS WORLD

Since throughout this book we are going to talk about the invisible owners

of this world, I think it will be appropriate to first talk about its visible owners, who in one aspect are nothing more than puppets of the*invisible*.

It would be a childish mistake to believe that everything that happens in our world is directed from beyond, by "divine providence," as Christianity believes, or by some kind of meddling spirit who, for unknown reasons, likes to interfere with human lives and activities. The daily life of men and nations is shaped by a series of figures whom we will discuss in this chapter.

This does not mean that on certain occasions, a particular event, seemingly due to perfectly known human causes, does not have other causes completely different from those apparent. But, speaking generally, we can say that everyday events happen due to human causes, in which humans act freely when they could have acted in a completely different way.

Something similar can be said about the course of history. However, in this regard, we can no longer be so categorical, because when events become magnified or as they are considered over a longer period of time, man loses control over them, and the course of history becomes erratic. Man seems to have control over one event or several concatenated events; but, in the long run, the course of history seems to obey laws beyond his control. This is the province of the gods, who, far from giving man a leading role, turn him into a farm animal; or, better yet, a soldier: they give him a sword or a rifle and set him to kill his brothers or animals or anything else in sight for a sacred cause. Such has been the long, stupid, and sad history of humanity.

But let's return to the forgers of daily history; to the visible owners of this world; to the perpetrators of the childishness and horrors that newspapers around the world promptly report and gleefully present to us every morning on their front pages.

We could divide them into four classes: politicians, military men, money-mad men, and religious fanatics. Let's examine them one by one.

Politicians are pure power maniacs. They don't like weapons or physical violence, but they like to command. They love to be seen, to be trusted, to be consulted. That's why they melt with joy in front of television cameras or a microphone. They generally have psychopathic personalities; they feel they lack...

Something within them, and that's why they want to live in the scent of the crowds. They fear and love journalists because they have the power to destroy them or turn them into idols of society. And journalists, in turn—including newspaper editors—have a weakness for politicians, because they're like national buffoons who provide them with fresh news every day, free of charge, to fill the pages that will be eagerly devoured by the mass of

party-following idiots.

Someday someone will have to conduct a psychoanalytic study of the curious symbiosis between journalism and politics, and more specifically, between journalists and politicians. They love and hate each other; they need and detest each other; they build and destroy each other. There are the recent "gate" cases: politicians deceiving journalists, and journalists destroying politicians. But in the long run, they can't live without each other. They are the lovers of Teruel.

It has been said that power corrupts politicians in particular. But this corruption does not refer precisely to the misuse of power.

or the appropriation of other people's funds, but rather the complete change of mentality and customs that occurs in them once they are installed in the positions in which they become invulnerable.

They become corrupt because they say yes to things they had previously said no to; they become corrupt because they don't keep their promises and because they use demagoguery just like their predecessors; and the most powerful become corrupt because they completely lose touch with the people and no longer defend their interests as much as their own and those of the party, and their ultimate goal becomes staying in power.

Therefore, seeing how frequently this metamorphosis occurs in politicians once they take office, one begins to think that it is not that power deforms them, but that they already come to it deformed.

But—good or bad—the truth is that politicians have enormous power to twist or straighten the course of society and even to make the lives of individuals happy or unhappy.

At high altitudes, professional politicians lose perspective on society and see it in a completely different way. It happens to them like those who travel by plane: from above, they see things differently; in some ways better and in some ways worse. They don't recognize the places they know very well from below, because from above, you can't see the facades of the houses; you only see the roofs. From the heights of power, you don't see the faces of the people and their daily, concrete needs; you only see budget deficits. You don't see the individual; you see society, the nation, the state. The concrete person becomes blurred, lost, and the politician forgets about him, floating as he is in clouds of coalitions, alliances, pacts, and struggles to stay in office.

Politicians who reach great heights frequently organize ritual trips of mutual visits, with great pomp and attendance, offering bouquets of flowers, solemn receptions with parades of poor slaves under firing squad, speeches from carpeted platforms, and grand banquets. They never fail in this. The

most important part of these state visits and the very serious working meetings of great statesmen is a grand banquet on which no expense is spared. They no longer remember that those who pay for these banquets are their neighbors; but they themselves have not had neighbors for a long time, because they have isolated themselves from the common people and live in secluded and heavily guarded houses. All they have are party colleagues or electoral candidates.

They believe that the one who pays for these banquets is the "Treasury," which is just one word; and they've also taken the precaution of including them in the "General State Budget," which is another three impersonal words.

Politicians, from the heights of power, forget that what the men and women of their nation and the entire world want above all is peace, yet they spend millions buying weapons to keep the military at peace. They fail to remember that what men and women ask for, after peace, is a job, and politicians allocate billions to luxurious works, to opera houses—for the delight of a few who don't work—to commemorate discoveries, to loans to their political friends in other countries, while millions of real people, once their fellow citizens and for whom the anniversaries of discoveries and operas sound like heavenly music, continue to suffer from their lack of culture, dragging their despair through the streets of our cities and begging for state handouts every month. But ordinary people don't want handouts; they want a job to earn their bread.

Politicians, from their megalomaniacal heights, fail to realize that it is a tremendous mistake for a family to buy a piano for one sibling when another doesn't get enough to eat. Years ago, I made a terrible discovery one gray afternoon outside the United Nations in New York, after a grand gala reception: the ambassadors of the various nations were leaving, and the more miserable the country they represented, the more elegant the ambassador's Cadillac.

It is true that politicians are not the complete masters of this world and have to share power with other members of the "black brotherhood"—as the esotericists say—but how much better things would be if, once in power, they did not dehumanize themselves so much!

Let's now analyze the military, the second visible owners of this world. The military is the successor to the cavemen, but in uniform. Unlike politicians, they love violence. They believe that anything can be done.

They settle things by beating them up. They're fascinated by guns, their favorite toy, and they spend their lives asking politicians to give them more. And the latter spend an enormous amount of the people's money buying them

weapons, the best they can hope for is that they're useless, because if they are, it'll be for waging war or killing the very people who paid for them. The politicians give them the weapons reluctantly, but they think they'll be able to sit quietly in their barracks, playing with them, forgetting about uprisings and rebellions, and they'll let them play with their political hide-and-seek.

At first, professional soldiers appeared in societies to defend them from external enemies. But since today there are almost no external enemies threatening to invade, and since they still retain the same primary instinct for violence and fighting, they turn their energies inward and from time to time succumb to the temptation of beating up their fellow citizens. Instead of being the defenders of peace, they are a constant threat to it. In a modern democracy, people fear the military within more than they fear enemies without. And should one emerge, the military will call on the university students, the workers, and the peasants, put a rifle in their hands, and send them to fight. And the old adage will remain true:

> *The bullet that hit me also grazed the captain. They made him a major, and they made me... the hospital.*

Military personnel typically have a simplistic view of the homeland, morality, and life as a whole, and tend to apply the styles and attitudes of the barracks to family and social life, failing to realize that the military spirit has a castrated imagination and runs counter to human fraternity. The military style is only good for the barracks, but it's disastrous for society. It kills creativity and even culture, and ends up fattening only a few scamps, with or without stripes.

When the abuses and errors of the general-ministers, citizen discontent, and enormous foreign debts shake the military regime, the military patriotically surrenders power and takes refuge in its barracks. But even then, it doesn't stop threatening to take up the club again. This has been the sad spectacle of almost all South American nations over the past fifty years.

The power of the military isn't subtle like that of politicians. The power of the military is brute force. They are the bullets that pierce soft human flesh, the cannons that destroy homes, or the bombs that wipe cities off the map. Politicians try to convince, even if they lie, but the military doesn't. The military commands, because they believe they are the law and order, and anyone who doesn't think like them is wrong, is a communist, and therefore must be silenced by any means necessary.

That's why, when they have power, free thought is prohibited. You can

think, but always within military parameters.

With the money that militaries around the world spend each year on purchasing and maintaining weapons, and with the money that governments around the world spend on paying the military (whose best bet is to do nothing), we could end the poverty suffered by so many millions of people around the world and vastly improve the standard of living of citizens in every country. But in this regard, humanity has not overcome the caveman era and has a troglodytic mentality in which the club and violence are a necessity and a habitual way of living together.

The large and small "Pentagons" weigh like a millstone on this troubled planet, led by true maniacs of violence, who now threaten not only the peace of their own countries but also that of the entire world with their neutrino bombs and their Star Wars. Their war paranoia has reached such a point that, encouraged by the imbecility of the Reagans and Gorbachevs of the day, they have dared to place veritable apocalyptic monsters over the heads of all the planet's inhabitants, which wander silently through space and could fall from the sky at any moment, sowing death among millions of innocent people. The schizophrenia of a few madmen has revived the age-old myth of divine manna, transforming it into a hellish downpour.

The disease these violence-mads suffer from is currently the main threat to humanity. As long as there are individuals who believe the best way to fix things is through violence and killing, humanity will remain sick with anxiety.

Let's move on to other "lords of the world": the money maniacs. They come in two types: legal and illegal.

Illegals have less power to govern the world; rather, they indirectly contribute to increasing the prevailing chaos. They are the high-class pimps who want to live at society's expense and organize themselves into financial mafias and secret groups that blackmail and defraud society in a thousand different ways, with the sole aim of making money and living well. Sometimes they do it in a big, professional way, and sometimes freely and on a small scale.

Because of some and others, we live behind bars, society has to spend millions on police and security guards, businesses go bankrupt, and there are robberies on every corner of big cities.

If these gangsters disguised as honorable people manage to gain political power somewhere—as has happened in some large Latin American countries—then murder, extortion, embezzlement and all sorts of crimes become our daily bread, practiced by the most dignified

authorities, and throughout the country a deep anguish and a rotten smell are

beginning to be felt.

But these social pimps don't usually aspire to political power, and as soon as they get their hands on the money, they send it to Switzerland—the cesspool that thrives on covering up all the world's biggest thieves—and go warm their bellies in the Miami sun.

One day, the death penalty will have to be instituted for these leeches who voluntarily and consciously make a living by milking the blood of their fellow citizens. Let's move on to the legal money-madmen, who are largely as pernicious as the illegal ones. They tend to be entrenched in large banks, groups, trusts, holding companies, financial institutions, etc., and from their luxurious glass-fronted offices high in skyscrapers, they pull the grand puppet show of national and international politics with extremely subtle but highly effective strings. The politicians, very serious, will gesticulate, make statements, or dance, depending on how these financial Mephistopheles pull their strings.

Sometimes, when they want to help one of their own because they see him as more useful to their interests, they prop him up from the bottom with abundant loans, so that he'll be more visible and have the opportunity to shout louder and convince a greater number of sheepish voters. And if he doesn't win the elections, the good and generous bankers are capable of not charging him interest on the loan. Because the men of the Bank, despite the much criticism they receive, also have their little bit of heart.

The relationship between politics and banking is, despite appearances, much closer than it seems. Politicians try not to harass the banks too much so that they can conduct their business with peace of mind (and, in places where things are more corrupt, so that they can be reimbursed in cash for their "permissions" and laissez-faire). And in turn, the banks finance politicians' campaigns with tolerable interest rates—normal interest rates are intolerable—and, above all, they welcome them into their fold when an unfortunate stroke of luck removes them from power and they have to abandon what is ironically called "public service." The offices of the major banks are often the safe harbor where many failed political ships have finally landed. The good deeds of politicians are usually rewarded by the Lord with good banking actions.

For organized money maniacs, the most important thing in the world is to increase it. Whether their demands lead to a nation falling into chaos or a company or individual being ruined—that's of no concern to the great financial moguls. The only thing that counts for them are dividends, and that's why they're very attentive to good business. The dozen wars currently raging on this crazy planet are a veritable gold mine for arms dealers, and the banks, advised by politicians and military men, finance all sides so that the war never ends.

business even if people keep dying. And if it were to end, they are willing to lend them money so they can bury their dead decently and according to sacred rites.

Unfortunately for them, the lucrative business of decades past, which consisted of lending money under abusive terms to underdeveloped nations governed by rapacious politicians, has come to an end. Bankers lent money even though they knew that the money would further indebt the nation because it ended up in the private accounts of the thieving presidents, ministers, and generals so abundant in the recent history of developing countries. The patriotic and decent leaders who have inherited these shameful debts would be wise not to pay back the money that thieving politicians stole from swindling bankers.

The big banks are like carrion vultures: the more rotten meat there is, the fatter they are. They fatten themselves off the backs of "foreclosed" companies, the enslavement of creditors stifled by their excessive interest rates, and who knows what shady financial dealings produce the inexplicable paradox that when the national economy is in tatters, the profits of the big banks are buoyant. And there are the newspapers and the statistics to prove it.

The small banks that went bankrupt did so because they were too clever and fell into the very traps they had set for their clients.

And finally, let us prosecute the last member of the "black brotherhood": the religious fanatics.

There is nothing in the world that has separated humans more and made them fight and hate each other as much as religions.

Although the leaders of various religions boast that what they all preach at their core is love and justice, and therefore contribute to the unity of the human race, the facts throughout the centuries tell us the opposite: history is woven with wars caused purely and simply by religion.

Furthermore, each preaches love and justice in his own way; they preach them surrounded by a series of different circumstances that prevent that love and justice from extending to all people.

Religions are beliefs and rituals devised by certain individuals who heard, or believed they heard, voices from beyond, telling them what humans should do to "save themselves." All religions, without exception, stem from apparitions of celestial entities that someone witnessed. That is, religions do not come from humankind, but from outside of humankind, from something or someone who imposed them on humans, making them believe things and practice rituals that often go against basic common sense.

And the seer-founder, like a child, believed the nonsense dictated to him and organized his entire life and that of his followers based on these "commandments."

coming from a nebulous "beyond."

Religions bring groups of people together by making them believe the same things and at the same time separate them from others who believe in different "dogmas." And since each of the followers of a religion believes they possess all the truth and are a faithful follower of God's will, they view others who do not believe the same as suspects and enemies of God, and in other times they felt they had the right and the obligation to persecute them and even kill them. Because God—the God they have in their heads—is the owner of all life. Religions engender a "holy hatred" of sin and, consequently, of the sinners who commit it.

In ancient times, kingdoms and empires were often theocratic; the king was also a priest or invested with some sacred power. God blessed him especially, and he felt like his representative, which empowered him to do whatever he wanted.

Today, while this situation continues to occur in less developed countries, in the West it has become a thing of the past, and religious leaders are a separate caste from civil leaders. The latter still show a certain pharisaical respect toward religious leaders, but ultimately, their only interest is to prevent them from inciting their faithful against government measures.

Western religious leaders do not intend to directly "govern" their parishioners, but by dictating guidelines for "living according to God's commandments," they govern their lives in a more profound way than civil rulers do. The former remain externally concerned with customs, while the former go deep into the conscience.

In underdeveloped countries, the power of religious leaders is enormous and sinister. Without weapons or money, relying solely on threats and promises about the afterlife, they wield total power over the lives of the poor people. The underdevelopment and lack of progress in these countries is largely due precisely to the commandments of their respective religions, which do not allow them to freely use their minds. And in many cases, the religions "preaching peace" are precisely the cause of this lack of peace. The hell that is the Middle East today is the best proof of what I am saying.

«Iran and Iraq are destroying each other with a holy ferocity inspired by Allah, already exceeding the horrific figure of half a million dead. Iraq is avenging old national offenses against the Iranians, and the latter are spreading a holy Islamic revolution. Druze and Christians are killing each

other, driven by an inherited religious resentment. Palestinians are annihilating each other for patriotic reasons mixed with religious ones. Syria and Libya are collaborating in the holy war against the Christian government of Lebanon. Americans and French are blowing each other up with dynamite soaked in racial and religious hatred. And at the root of all this chaos, and

as its origin, the blind religious fanaticism of Israel, which one day and against all rights (inspired by the words of Yahweh, spoken 4,000 years ago!) deprived the Palestinians of their homeland, turning them into a wandering and desperate people. From victims of Nazi savagery, the Israelis have become the Nazis of the Middle East.

> "Why all this horrendous hell in Lebanon? Because of "sacred" ideas promoted by religious leaders and fiercely defended by mindless fanatics who, instead of using their minds, are driven by their emotions."**(Let us defend ourselves against the gods, chapter 9.)**

These are the "visible lords of the world."

With such gentlemen, can anyone be surprised that human history has been the series of horrors that it has been, and that today, when we already consider ourselves possessors of extremely advanced technology, we have half the world turned into a volcano of wars, with millions of people starving, with dozens of animal species becoming extinct every year, with lakes, seas and rivers poisoned, and with most of the forests sickened by the polluted atmosphere?

A truly rational and emotional person weeps at such a prospect. But "the visible rulers of the world," so calmly, continue with their "Star Wars" or play "summit meetings" without being able to reach any agreement, artificially inflating interest rates and gold prices, and even issuing new encyclicals on forgotten dogmas, with which they try to continue to dull the minds of the faithful or encourage those who detonate car bombs to defend the glory of Allah.

Who will free us from such masters? And since they didn't come from outside but are our own flesh and blood, it's only natural to ask ourselves: why, as soon as human beings rise to power, do they become executioners of their fellow human beings and become so dehumanized?

Why, even though there are some upright and well-intentioned people among these gentlemen, have the governing machinery of the world, the social rules by which the planet is governed, the great international institutions, the greatest centers of knowledge where the new paths of

humanity are charted, become so selfish and inhumane despite their pronouncements to the contrary, and have they forgotten so much about peace, justice, and love, which are the fundamental values to which every human being aspires?

I believe the solution to such an important question—although official science doesn't want to admit it—lies in what we will say in the rest of this book. It lies in the "invisible masters" of whom the "visible" ones are nothing more than mere servants, who are the only

What they do is obey the orders that others dictate to them, even if they do it unconsciously most of the time.

PRESENTATION OF THE CASES

A few words to serve as an introduction to the series of cases that we will now present to the reader.

Most of them are the product of my many travels and investigations throughout various nations of the Americas. Except for the first, which is a historical case, the others are contemporary, in which I have questioned witnesses and, on occasion, have gone with them to the very places where the events occurred, always trying to get to the bottom of the truth.

The reason for exposing them is to prove that the same things that have always been presented to us as "legends" or folklore gossip continue to happen today.

The cases are as varied as the actions of these entities in our world. We can say about them what we say about the entire phenomenon: they are contradictory; some are explainable and logical, and others are completely inexplicable; some are positive and negative, some are even touching, while others are horrifying. But they are all real, and I can attest to that.

However, the cases are by no means the essence of this book, as is the case with others dealing with the UFO phenomenon, in which the author limits himself to presenting the facts he knows, leaving the reader unsure what to think about such disparate actions.

Nor is the main purpose of this book to try to convince the reader that the cases are authentic and that the facts are not due to errors or misinterpretations, or that "everything comes from the mind" and that the phenomenon is ultimately real. It's a shame that we're still wasting time on this and searching for evidence to convince the unconvincing.

The essence of this book is the conclusions the author has reached after analyzing these and many other events in which UFOs do not appear anywhere and yet they come from the same great cause from which UFOs, religious phenomena, and many other paranormal events that occur in this world come.

To deprive the UFO phenomenon of its psychic, paraphysical, and even transcendent content is to have no idea what the phenomenon is. Just as to believe that the miracles of all religions are purely "divine" without having anything to do with the phenomena studied by parapsychology is simply to be a poor fanatic; and to refuse to admit that there are many strange events in this world that contradict the most serious scientific theories is to be a cerebral myopic suffering from "scientifism."

We present this whole mosaic of strange and inexplicable facts so that once and for all our thick heads of "pure rationalists" are broken against

them and we finally convince ourselves that humans are not the lords of the world and the kings of creation, and that Nature and the cosmos are books in which we still have much to learn.

Case No. 1 Dr. Torralba

We begin the presentation of cases with one that can be unquestionable, as it belongs to the history of the Spanish Golden Age. Not much has been written about him, but enough to leave no doubt about the existence of this figure and the exploits that surrounded his life, although in the way he explains them, we disagree significantly with the conclusions of historians who have addressed the subject.

The main witness of the existence of this individual is none other than Cervantes, who has Don Quixote say, riding on his Clavileño:

> «Remember the true tale of Licentiate Torralba, who was carried high and low through the air by the devils, riding on a reed, his eyes closed, and in twelve hours he arrived in Rome and disembarked at the Torre de Nona... and he saw the entire defeat, assault, and death of Bourbon, and by morning he was back in Madrid, where he recounted everything he had seen; he also said that as he was flying through the air, the devil ordered him to open his eyes, and he did open them and saw himself so close, as far as he could have grasped the body of the Moon that he could have grasped it with his hand, and he did not dare look at the ground so as not to faint.»

In fact, Cervantes, allowing himself some literary license or historical inaccuracy in explaining the facts, refers to Dr. Eugenio Torralba, a famous Spanish doctor of the 15th-16th century, who after having lived in Rome for many years and after having gained great fame there for his healing arts, moved to the Spanish Court and associated with all the nobility and the high ecclesiastical hierarchies, who have always liked to rub shoulders with the powerful.

He was a native of Cuenca and upon his return to Spain he spent most of his time in Valladolid, where the court was mainly based since Madrid had not yet established itself as the capital of Spain.

There he was famous not only for the extraordinary cures he performed, but also for a strange friend he had, named Zequiel, about whom the rumor spread that he was not a being of this world.

Here is how Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo describes it in his History of the Spanish Heterodox:

> «...he appeared to the doctor as Mephistopheles to Faust, in the form of a handsome young man, white in colour, dressed in red and

black, and said to him:*I will be your servant as long as I live.*From then on he visited him frequently and spoke to him in Latin or Italian and as a good spirit, he never advised him anything against

Christian faith or morality; rather, she used to accompany him to Mass and reprimand him for all his sins and professional greed.

He taught him the secrets of plants, herbs, and animals, with which Torralba achieved prodigious cures; he brought him money when he was short of funds, and he revealed to him in advance the political and state secrets, and thus our doctor learned, before it happened, and announced them to Cardinal Cisneros, the death of Don García de Toledo in Los Gelves and that of Don Fernando the Catholic, and the elevation of Cisneros himself to the regency and the war of the communities.

The cardinal began to desire to meet Zequiel, who predicted such things; but since he was such a free and strong-willed spirit, Torralba could not persuade him to introduce himself to Brother Francisco (Cisneros).

(It is worth noting that the name that this mysterious figure gave himself already provides the first parallel between him and the "extraterrestrials" of our time, who usually choose names that resemble some famous person or something related to the contactee. In 16th-century Spain, it was necessary to be very clear about orthodoxy and, above all, about the lack of any dealings with the devil, since the Inquisition threatened, and not in jest, with its holy dungeons. The name "Zequiel" is very similar to one of the four major prophets - Ezekiel - and at the same time, in its ending, recalls those of the archangels, with whom Zequiel seemed to want to be associated, in order to avoid any possible relationship with Satan.)

Dr. Torralba's description of Zequiel coincides with what many modern "contacts" tell us about the people who visit them or transport them in their ships. One of Zequiel's most notable physical features was that he was very white and very blond, qualities almost normal in today's "good extraterrestrials," since "bad extraterrestrials" are much more frequently described by "contacts" as ugly, big-headed, and dark-skinned or of odd colors.

Dr. Torralba's first contact with Zequiel was rather indirect, as he communicated with a friar of the Order of Saint Dominic, who lived in Rome, and to whom he usually appeared on dates related to the phases of the moon. One day, the friar asked Zequiel if he would mind taking Dr. Torralba—to whom the Dominican was very grateful for having cured him of a troublesome illness—under his wing. Zequiel replied that he would have no objection, and

from that moment on, the friendship that would unite them for life was sealed.

Of course, throughout Torralba's life, because Zequiel, judging by his statements, would continue to live long after Torralba's death.

his protégé, the same one who had lived for a long time before he was born.

As we have already seen, Torralba, due to his extensive medical knowledge, had all the doors of the Court open to him, and his fame reached even abroad, where people came to seek his treatment. In 1525, he was appointed court physician to Queen Leonor, the widowed queen of Portugal, but his stay in that country was short-lived, although his time there worked wonders.

And Torralba was famous not only for his knowledge of medicine, but also for his extensive knowledge of theology, which was flourishing in Spain at that time. He enjoyed discussing theological topics with distinguished professionals, mostly friars, even though he was a layman and had not distinguished himself with his studies in that discipline.

Zequiel instructed the doctor in all sorts of things, and sometimes not only him but also other friends who asked him to, although he very rarely showed himself to them. On one occasion, a certain Camilo Ruffini, a native of Naples, asked Torralba to tell Zequiel a formula for winning at gambling. Zequiel, who on other occasions had flatly refused to do so, agreed this time and gave him a sort of formula consisting of cabalistic letters; Ruffini played with it and won the considerable sum of one hundred ducats. Zequiel himself advised him not to gamble the following day, because it was a waning moon and he would lose.

In Rome, Torralba enjoyed great friendship with no fewer than ten cardinals, and several of them came to him on more than one occasion to ask him to intercede with their protector on their behalf.

A curious detail is that Zequiel reprimanded his protégé because he charged, and quite a bit, for the cures he performed, using the knowledge he had given him. He told him he shouldn't charge, since it hadn't cost him anything to acquire that knowledge. At the same time, he censured him when he saw him sad due to lack of money. Curiously, however, after these reprimands, Torralba would often find in his bed or in some unexpected place, sums of coins that helped him get out of whatever financial difficulties he found himself in.

As the years went by, Torralba's trust in his protector and the superiority that developed over him led him to keep his strange relationships less secret, while at the same time daring to do greater things without worrying that this would raise suspicions in the Inquisition about the identity of his mysterious

friend.

As Don Marcelino told us, he often made predictions of events that later proved accurate. One of the episodes that most put the inquisitors on guard was his detailed description of the famous "Sack of Rome" that occurred on May 6, 1527. Torralba, before a group of admiring men,

An important figure at the Court in Valladolid, he described in detail the sacking and such significant events as the beheading of the Constable of France, Charles de Bourbon, and the imprisonment of the Pope in the Castle of Sant'Angelo. When asked how he knew this, he calmly replied that "because he had been there."

When, after several weeks, official news reached the Court, confirming all the details Dr. Torralba had provided, the Inquisition felt obliged to summon him to testify. This was the beginning of all his troubles. He was imprisoned, and after three years of imprisonment, during which the record of his trial was being prepared—the administration of justice was as slow and as bad then as it is today—he was sentenced to torture. All his ecclesiastical and Court friends then turned against him or abandoned him, some of whom, like Cardinal Volterra and a general of a certain religious Order, had begged him in previous years to grant them Zequiel's protection.

And as we saw, even Cardinal Cisneros had once asked him to introduce him to Zequiel, which he refused. It seems he knew politicians and church leaders better than Torralba.

The way Dr. Torralba explained his travels is very similar to what some modern contacts tell us, and very similar to what we read about witches. On one occasion, in 1520, while in Valladolid, he told his great friend Don Diego de Zúñiga—another noble fisherman who later denounced him to the Inquisition—that he was going to Rome "through the air, riding on a reed and guided by a cloud of fire," which he did, and the day after saying this he was in Rome.

Much more interesting was the description of how he made the round trip from Valladolid to Rome in 1527.

Here is how Menéndez Pelayo tells it:

> «They left Valladolid at eleven o'clock, and when he was on the banks of the Pisuerga, Zequiel made our doctor mount a very strong and knotty pole, he told him to close his eyes and not to be afraid, he wrapped him in a very dark fog and after a tiring walk, in which the doctor, more dead than alive, sometimes thought he was drowning and other times that he was burning, they remained in Torre Nona and saw

the death of the Bourbon and all the horrors of the sack. Two or three hours later they were back in Valladolid... Before separating, Zequiel said to the doctor:*From now on you will have to believe everything I tell you.*»

It would be too long to transcribe all the details of Dr. Torralba's life. In the annals of the Inquisition, where his entire trial is narrated, there is

many other details that give us the right to see in him an authentic "contact" of the 16th century.

Naturally, the circumstances in which he lived determine his description of the entire phenomenon, with an absence of technical details regarding instruments, devices, or space vehicles. What is curious, however, is the use of a pole to ride on, which logically would have been as suspicious to the inquisitors as the use of cabalistic formulas or the connection with the phases of the moon, and even the sudden appearance of a small being, which occurred at Zequiel's request in Madrid. We could talk a lot about all these details, but this is not the place to do so.

Of course, official science (in this case represented by the famous Spanish psychiatrist Dr. López Ibor) does not believe that the facts narrated by Dr. Torralba and admitted by the Inquisition are true, and in fact calls Torralba a "great liar and madman" and says of him that this happens to those who "lie a lot at different times," adding that he did it out of "foolish whims or pernicious madness."

We radically disagree with Dr. López Ibor. Once again, science, due to its very biased and somewhat short-sighted principles, limits itself, rendering it unable to see reality. This is why I repeatedly maintain that there are certain fields in which researchers must pursue their investigations without worrying too much about what official science says, since it will logically be the last to find out what the reality is. Psychiatry, in particular, will take a transcendental step when it learns the reality behind the facts described by Dr. Torralba.

If he were the only one to tell such things, I would be the first to attribute all his stories to pure fantasy. But throughout history and in our own time, there have been and are countless men and women who tell us similar things. And many of them, like Torralba, have evidence to prove that what they say is true. It's a shame that biased science often lacks the ear to analyze that evidence.

During those same years, in the lands of Navarre and La Rioja, very similar things were said about a clergyman, the priest of Bargota, near Viana, "who made extraordinary trips by air, but always with some charitable or

curious purpose, such as saving the life of Alexander VI against certain conspirators, witnessing the battle of Pavia, etc., all with the help of his*family spirit*whose name has not come down to us."

And so that the reader can see that such facts are not pure gossip, the fruit of the feverish mind of the people, we will tell him that in the year 1527, one year before the imprisonment of Torralba, the Inquisition of Navarre held a trial against twenty-nine

witches whom he condemned for crimes of witchcraft, including "blowing up."

And let the reader see what the wise Menéndez Pelayo says about it:

> «The investigating judge wanted to ascertain the truth of the case and offered a pardon to a witch if, in his presence and in the presence of the entire town, she anointed herself and ascended into the air, which she did with marvelous speed, resuming three days later in a nearby field.»

That is to say, according to the records, she actually took to the air and stayed there for no less than three days. But instead of seriously studying how she could have accomplished such a feat or awarding her a medal for it, like the first female astronaut, the fanaticism of those judges meant that "the witches were sentenced to flogging and imprisonment as a result of all that uproar."

For the judges, or for Don Marcelino, taking to the air was merely "a hubbub." This is how biased science proceeds, and this is how justice has proceeded and continues to proceed in our time when judges are imbued with fanatical religious principles.

And the Navarrese witches were lucky, because some from Zaragoza "were relaxed to the secular arm (that is, they were burned alive), in 1536, after a long disagreement of opinions among the judges."

The reader will think that all these are "stories" in the pejorative sense of the word. But he should know that the same thing continues to happen today, although naturally, things like this don't happen every day, and right where he is.

In order to see something like this, I had to take the trouble to travel to the center of Portugal, to Ladeira do Pinheiro, where the visionary Maria da Conceiçao had already risen into the air on no less than sixteen occasions, disappearing among the clouds on some of them, in the presence of hundreds of devotees who fervently prayed the rosary.

I was not fortunate enough to witness such a prodigy, but I did see how he

began to rise in the air to a height of about half a meter, then immediately moved to a chair where he remained in a trance for about two hours.

And in the field of UFOs, the famous case of a parachutist who, after jumping out of his plane, took three days to reach the ground, without being able to remember where he had been during that time, is famous.

In the final chapters of this book, the reader will find modern doctors Torralba with their corresponding "Zequieles."

But to describe their biographies I won't have to turn to any historian, because I myself have been a direct witness to their incredible feats.

Case No. 2 THE IMPOSSIBLE TOY

I will narrate this case as it was told to me by the witness himself, who only gave me permission to do so after much hesitation and on the strict condition that I omit all details that could lead someone to his identification.

A few years ago, events like this were what undermined the credibility of the UFO phenomenon and discouraged researchers who considered themselves "scientists." However, today, after more than 30 years, the most enlightened researchers, and to a certain extent the public, are more prepared to accept this paranormal aspect of the phenomenon, just as they are becoming convinced of its many paraphysical aspects that so intrigue and even displease those knowledgeable in the physical sciences.

I will therefore omit names and locations, as requested by the contact, who has already suffered enough having been a silent witness for so many years to such mind-boggling and "impossible" events.

Just over 45 years ago, when our witness (whom we'll call Julio from now on) was less than 10 years old, he saw something floating in the air about 20 meters high above him, in a region where there has always been a great deal of UFO activity. Of course, he had no idea what it was, having never heard of such a thing in his life, but his naiveté as a country boy, combined with the natural curiosity of his age, prompted him to take an interest in finding out what that strange thing floating in the air was.

Instead of running away or being frightened, he began to observe. After a while, he felt himself lifted from above, and within moments, he found himself inside a circular room, with a light "not like that of the Sun," and surrounded by objects and things that were not only unfamiliar to him, but completely different from anything he had ever seen before.

He had not yet recovered from his astonishment when he saw a little girl of about six years old who came towards him smiling and pretending to play, and

indeed she immediately began to show him all the toys she had in that strange house.

Julio watched everything very closely, and although he realized he was seeing things that had nothing in common with anything he'd seen before, in his parents' humble home or anywhere else, he wasn't afraid and was genuinely interested in everything he was being shown. The girl continued showing him her toys until she came to one that will be the central object of this case.

The toy was a small box about 20 x 20 x 10 cm and had nothing on the outside to indicate its enormous potential. The girl placed her small hands on it and immediately a kind of vapor made of many lights began to form at the top of the box, which rotated vertiginously, until it almost

Suddenly, a small, humanoid creature, about a meter tall and with intelligence similar to that of a monkey, appeared before them. It didn't speak and seemed very puzzled about where it had suddenly found itself, as if it had been brought there against its will.

The girl was able to take as many creatures as she wanted out of the box, all similar to the first, and they all obeyed her without question even when she put them back in, making them disappear inside the box in the same mysterious way she had taken them out. First, she transformed them into a kind of vapor, which suddenly rushed through a small slit into the interior. I say she made them disappear inside the box because the creatures obviously wouldn't fit inside, even if there had been only one. It seemed more as if they dematerialized.

Julio spent a long time inside talking with the girl and seeing the many things she had shown him, until it was time to leave. Then the girl asked him if he wanted to keep the box, because he had been so excited when he saw her so easily take those "monkeys" out of it. Without thinking twice, he said yes, and she gave it to him.

They brought him down in the same way they had brought him up, and here was Julio, the possessor of something that from that moment on was to become the center and concern of his entire life.

Naturally, he guarded his mysterious box with great care and even hid it from prying eyes, but he didn't make it an inviolable secret. He took great pleasure in secretly showing it to his little friends, and he remembers putting on a sort of small circus (for which he charged a penny) in which he would take one of those creatures out of the box, to the astonishment of his little schoolmates.

The grown-ups never participated in these children's "fantasies" and did on a small scale what society does on a large scale: if one of their children told

them what he had seen, they simply dismissed it as "children's imaginations." Although it's also true that Julio never pulled out a cartoon when an adult was present.

This contributed to the idea that it was all "boy stuff." But something unexpected happened. The girl had explained to Julio exactly how to put the "monkeys" back in the box, but Julio, despite his efforts, couldn't do it. The creatures, once they had recovered from their initial amazement, would stay for a while next to the box, as if waiting for Julio's orders, but showing signs of great nervousness. Later, when he tried to put them back in and couldn't, they would suddenly fly off at breakneck speed and disappear into the undergrowth.

These creatures soon became a burden for Julio, because far from disappearing, they began to bother him and make his life miserable.

When he, by laying his hands on the box, made them come out from inside, the creatures did not come out in such an easy and natural way as they did with the girl, but, on the contrary, when they materialized before his eyes, they appeared extremely upset as if they had been brought by force from somewhere else and they began to look everywhere and show signs of great restlessness looking for a way to escape, and in fact they did so in a matter of seconds, with electric movements, without letting anyone grab or touch them.

They were rather hostile to people, although the elderly seemed oblivious to them. However, children and animals, especially dogs, saw them clearly and fled from them at full speed.

After a while, these creatures began approaching Julio's house and prowled around the area at all hours. Sometimes they approached him (the only person they did this with) and even touched him, showing very little respect for him: they even dared to play very crude and tasteless jokes.

For years, when Julio wandered around the countryside, they accompanied him, although always at a distance. People didn't see them, but, as I said, the animals did, and they would quickly move away when they approached, showing signs of great fear or anxiety.

Julio didn't know what to do, and over the years this has become a nightmare for him, arguably having a fateful impact on his entire life. Today, he no longer has the box with him; he threw it into the sea, tied to a rock, far from the shore, because it seems that it was the box that attracted the creatures, and in fact, they haven't visited him for some time now.

At one point in our long conversation—although I have subsequently visited him more often—Julio said to me with a sad tone:

"Believe me, what I would like is to die."

To my question why, he answered, always with the accent of a man who carries a great weight or a great concern:

"I don't want to see any more strange things. What I want is to rest."

All of this left me with a lot of questions. In fact, I got the impression that he still had more things to say, that he was holding back, and that those things were what was causing him to feel so tired of living.

He links these creatures to certain misfortunes that have happened in that region and believes that they are capable of doing much evil and that they do in fact sometimes do so. Apparently, they are currently lurking near a place in the mountains,

where he had hidden the box for a time, and it's dangerous for people to go there. He specifically mentioned several deaths he believed had been caused by them.

Although it's been quite a few years since he released the last creature from the box, he seems worried and saddened by the more than 100 he released, who now face the potential threat of the public. It seemed to me he felt guilty for bringing them into this world, as creatures are forced to come to a place where they feel out of place and are suffering, unable to find a way back to their own world, and he can't do anything about it either.

These are not Julio's only adventures as a contactee from beyond. Aside from these mysterious beings, Julio has been in contact with ships from other worlds and their crews on several occasions. But above all, he told me something of great interest to the overall theme of this book, which we will see surface again in later chapters.

For those unfamiliar with the subject and for those who consistently disbelieve, this undermines the credibility of the whole affair, but for those of us who have been involved in this for years, it actually enhances it.

Julio told me with great reserve that on two occasions he had been forced to have sexual acts with strange women, who, although they looked very similar to humans, were not exactly like them. One of these incidents, which occurred high on a mountain, bears some resemblance to the classic case of Vilas Boas in Brazil, although in Julio's case everything happened outside, not inside, the UFO.

The reader might think all this is fantasy, but Julio has witnesses, if not to

prove that every detail of what he says is absolutely true, then to attest that UFOs pass just a few meters from the roof of his house when he says they will, and some other strange events. His wife and two of his daughters attested to this and described the object that passed in slow motion just a few meters from the roof of their house. Other neighbors can attest to the same.

As for the "dolls" in the box, there are still some sixty-somethings who remember them. Two years after receiving these secrets from Julio, I consulted my notebook, where I had written down the specific information he had given me. There was the name of one of his childhood friends who had seen him take those creatures out of the box on several occasions. Julio knew he lived in a specific neighborhood in a city about sixty kilometers away, and he gave me a specific detail by which he could be located. He told me he had lost all contact with this person many years before, but I decided to look for him and thus corroborate this strange story.

It took me almost a whole day to find him, but I finally found him. I told him about his childhood, his hometown, and Julio.

As soon as I mentioned it to him and asked him if he remembered the circus he used to put on, he smiled and, shaking his head in disbelief, said flatly: "I don't know how that bastard did it."

"But what was he doing?" I said.

—I had a shoe box from which I took out some overalls, and the first time I saw them in front of me, I did it for my pants.

—And do you remember what they were like?

—Look. I was very young. And I left that town very early. That was about 50 years ago, and I barely remember. What I do remember is that I saw them only twice, and they scared me so much that at night I would dream about them and wake up crying and run to my parents' bed. And because this happened several times, they forbade me from hanging out with Julio.

"But what were those monkeys like?" I insisted.

—I don't remember exactly. I hardly dared look at them. They were as tall as me and incredibly ugly, with pointy ears. And they moved so fast they sometimes disappeared from sight. It was as if they were electric.

—And what happened to them?

—Well, I don't know how to tell you.

"And how could you get them out of a shoebox, if they were as tall as you?" I asked myself that many times afterward. I was so small back then that I didn't question it, apart from being terribly afraid of them. On the other hand, there were other, slightly older boys who told him to "get more out." Although they probably didn't find what he was doing strange either.

I was barely able to extract any further information from him. But what he told me was enough to convince me that what Julio had told me was not his own invention. Later, after writing the previous lines and in the same country where Julio resides, I came into direct and frequent contact with a person, a great researcher of these phenomena, who has corroborated in great detail many of the things Julio has told me, with the peculiarity that this person does not know Julio nor has any knowledge of the things that have happened to him. This person, whose house is quite isolated in the mountains, has seen on many occasions strange beings that generally coincide with Julio's; and not only has he seen them, but he has begun to have some relationship with them, despite the fact that I have warned him that in the long run it is dangerous for humans to interact with these types of creatures.[1].

Case No. 3 MACABRA HOAX

Before delving into the core of this chapter, I would like to inform the reader about some facts that will help them understand what I will finally describe, and which I admit are not easy to accept without prior knowledge.

In November 1978, I visited the state of Tabasco, in southeastern Mexico. Well, if you do a little research in that region regarding UFO sightings or unusual beings, you'll find a large number of reliable accounts from all walks of life and all corners of the state. Naturally, all this UFO activity is not limited to the borders of Tabasco, but is abundant in the neighboring states of Campeche and Veracruz.

It was enough for us to pay a visit to Don Santiago Gil to leave with a series of impressive details that he had witnessed, with all the farmhands on his estate, and there are many photographs of it—currently in the possession of a journalist who carefully guards them—that I was able to observe in detail.

One of the incidents that had most impressed Don Chago, despite the fact that he is not easily impressed after having witnessed many strange things on his farm, was the event that occurred on September 9, 1978, very close to the stables and houses that make up his farm, located 78 kilometers from Villahermosa, near the top of Tulijá.

"First of all," he begins, "we heard a huge crash, as if a truck had

suddenly dropped a whole load of large iron pipes, which the*PEMEX* (*Mexican Petroleum*) uses for its oil pipelines. Immediately, a large ball of white smoke appeared in the middle of the field, about 50 meters from us, flattening the spot where it fell, while boiling and growing larger and larger. The ball fell—Don Chago told us—precisely on the spot where I had been standing on horseback a few moments before, so that if I hadn't moved, it would have crushed me.

»It immediately began to move slowly, and it seemed as if it wanted to get up but couldn't, because it kept jumping and gaining speed, but it couldn't get up, and as it ran, it tore clods of earth and grass from the ground and threw them a great distance. We were all amazed at this thing, and we couldn't explain what it could be.

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We felt like it wasn't part of this world, and at the same time, it seemed to have a life of its own. In its bounding race, it reached the edge of the property where there were large trees; when it reached one, it circled around it, and suddenly we saw how the tree, whose trunk was well over 70 centimeters in diameter, was uprooted, roots and all, and it's still there for anyone who cares to see.

In fact, I could see not only this tree, but many others that had had large branches torn off, as well as a long wire fence that "the ball" tore up in its path and threw into the air for a great distance. Don Chago complained that he had to replace about a hundred meters of wire.

The thing finally managed to take off from the ground, though without gaining any altitude. It then headed toward the houses, and because it was so low, it crashed into the roof of the hut that served as a dwelling for one of the laborers, leaving it tilted, as can be seen in one of the photographs. It finally gained a little more altitude, and when it was about 50 meters from the ground, it began to emit smoke upwards until it disappeared from sight over the horizon.

And tonight was not, by far, the only time that Don Santiago Gil has had strange artifacts visit his estate.

On another occasion, in 1976, at night, a rectangular, vertical board was seen hovering above the property, suspended in the air. Suddenly, a powerful beam of highly concentrated light shot out from it, directed toward the mountains, illuminating a small section of them.

The great thing about this is that the mountains Don Chago was referring to are no less than 20 kilometers away, and that beam of light was able to

remain compact over that entire distance and illuminate a single section of the mountain, as if it were a gigantic electric flashlight.

"One day, about five years ago," he told us, "I went with my son to the Tulijá River, and we saw, about a hundred meters above our heads, a kind of cigar that, seen from that distance, seemed to measure a meter and a half. It had red and blue lights. It passed very slowly over us and disappeared over the horizon.

"Another day, while I was out riding at night on my farm, a light began to circle around me, about a hundred meters above my head. I stopped and told them to get down, that I would wait for them, but after circling around a lot, they left.

»Another time, in 1977, we saw a strange object that came from the air and went underwater, in the river. People heard about it, and divers came and searched for it, but they found nothing.»

Don Chago continued to tell us a whole series of episodes in which he, most of his family members, and estate employees had witnessed UFO activity. And, apart from Don Chago, we met other people who told us about sightings, landings, and encounters of all kinds that had occurred that same year or in the years immediately preceding.

With this background, the reader will be better prepared to hear the story that follows, which took place not only in the State of Tabasco itself (which is not very large in area) but in the same region where the events described above occurred.

The incident I'm referring to occurred on the night of January 9, 1978. Seven men—all of them workers for Petróleos Mexicanos—were packed into a Gremlin van, partying along the Circuito del Golfo highway, from Villahermosa to Cárdenas. They were very cheerful and eager to have a good time that night, having just gotten paid. Just as they were having the time of their lives with their jokes and pranks, a tremendous impact shook the car, and they all felt the impact of small stones on their faces. These stones later turned out to be tiny pieces of the windshield, just like car windows, which shatter into a thousand tiny pieces when they receive a strong impact.

They hadn't recovered from this shock when the three people in the front seat began to shout at the driver to stop, because on top of their legs they felt the weight of something that, due to the darkness, they couldn't quite make

out what it was, but it gave the impression of being a large animal or a man with a missing part.

The driver, panicking, accelerated faster instead of braking. It was a true miracle that they didn't crash or run off the road at that moment, because what unfolded inside the car was hellish: screams of terror and desperation from those in front trying to get rid of the thing, and those behind him pushing the driver to stop, while he could barely see through the impact of the windshield glass on his face. The reality was that the vehicle didn't stop until about three kilometers from where he had felt the strange impact.

By then, those in the front seat had realized that what they were carrying on their legs was half a human body, severed at the waist. The part they were carrying was the upper body.

When they finally stopped, beyond the town of Loma de Caballo, in the middle of the darkness of the night, with understandable excitement and nervousness and not knowing what to do, they decided to abandon the corpse of that half-man right there and return to the place from which they had started.

Naturally, they weren't able to keep quiet about what had happened to them, and as a result, within a few days they were all in jail, accused of running over that man. All except the driver, named Fabián, who, possibly more frightened than the others—since he was the one they were going to blame for the incident—disappeared, and no one could trace him. From the outset, he claimed he had never run over anyone and named all his colleagues as witnesses.

The lower half of the body was found near the road where they had felt the impact with the windshield, with the subsequent appearance of the upper half of the body on top of their legs. Curiously, however, it wasn't on the road or in the ditch, but in a nearby field. The deceased turned out to be a poor day laborer.

Why do we classify this case as caused by the intervention of a UFO, when the men were accused of having run over it with their vehicle? It is true that I have no conclusive evidence that the entire incident should be attributed to the UFO enthusiasts; however, there are many circumstances that lead us to suspect that it was indeed just another joke by a certain type of mysterious beings, who seem to play with humans, sometimes carrying out pranks as macabre as the one described and like other similar ones that I know of and that I won't describe here because I haven't personally investigated them like this one. If this were the first incident of this type I encountered, I would certainly be very reluctant to admit it outright, but unfortunately, it is just one

more in a very long list; and this is true no matter how much it may displease the defenders of the "big brothers in space" or those who want to conduct UFO research with a scientific methodology and style.

«chemically pure».

These are the reasons to suspect that the entire incident was a macabre joke by the kind of evil entities we referred to earlier. Initially, the immediate witnesses to the case—the seven men in the car—swear up and down that they didn't run over anyone and that the body fell vertically through the air. And it's certainly very difficult for someone hit by a car to be split in half, with one of the halves passing over the engine and still having the strength to completely shatter the windshield.

Furthermore, the windshield of the "Gremlin" is very tilted backwards and offers little resistance to an oncoming object,

pushing him more toward the roof of the car. Normally, the car hits the person first, and if it doesn't throw them to the side, it ends up running over them. However, we admit the possibility that he could have been run over, and we wouldn't mind leaving things as they are if there weren't other circumstances that make the incident highly suspicious.

These circumstances were reported to us by the victim's son, whom we visited at his home. They were also already known to the authorities and the judges, which in part motivated them all to be released from prison shortly afterward until the entire strange incident could be clarified.

The first thing that surprised us in our conversation with the son of the "run-over" man was his spontaneous statement that he didn't believe his father had been hit on the road by the car. He had two main reasons for saying this. The first was that his father was a very homely and quiet man and had nothing to do at that time of the morning in a place so far from his home; he certainly wasn't used to walking in that lonely place at that time, much less in the middle of the road.

The other reason his son gave more weight to was that his father did not have the normal injuries that someone who had been hit by a car with the violence with which his father was supposedly hit would have.

—My father was sawed at the waist. I don't know who. But he wasn't hit by a car.

This statement by his son, without any suggestion from me, electrified me, as I automatically recalled other similar incidents that we who study the UFO phenomenon without prejudice know about.

According to him, his father gave the impression of having been carefully cut at the waist with some instrument; there were no tears of any kind in the clothing or flesh, even though the cut was in an area where there would necessarily be hanging tissue, either from the stomach and especially the intestine; there were also no shreds of cloth.

Clothes and flesh were sliced in a straight line, as if cut with a large guillotine or a giant knife. Furthermore, the whole thing was incredibly strange because there was no blood anywhere, when naturally, the man had bled completely dry, leaving a huge puddle.

In fact, these unexpected details shocked his son so much that he couldn't look any further and called his wife to take charge of everything, as he didn't have the strength to contemplate it. His wife confirmed all these details to us, including something that is of great importance to this entire investigation: the lack of

of bloodshed. The dresses weren't bloody either, which is a very strange and highly suspicious detail to help clarify what we're trying to prove; that is, the involvement of some strange element in this whole affair.

According to what he told me—something I couldn't verify—there were no bone fractures, which would be expected in someone who had been beaten so violently. Since he had been broken at the waist, the only "bone" broken was the spine, and it appeared to have been cleanly severed, with no fractures in the vertebrae. Naturally, neither the deceased's son nor daughter-in-law could give me many medical explanations about these details, and I have to confess that I was left waiting for the results of the autopsy performed by the coroner.

Another detail was that the clothes were not only not stained with blood, but also not torn or soiled with dirt or dust. If he had been run over, these two circumstances are inexplicable, since logically he would have had to have been dragged somehow, leaving unmistakable marks on his clothes. One of the things both his son and daughter-in-law emphasized most was precisely this: the shirt was cut as if with scissors, with no tears, blood, or dirt.

The family simply didn't know what had happened, and I get the impression that the intense nervousness that gripped their son was the result of him having, in a confused way, realized that this wasn't natural, and that deep down it had to do with witchcraft or something mysterious that he couldn't even imagine, and that's why it terrified him.

He kept saying:

"My father*they sawed*.»

I don't want to relate this case in detail here to other similar ones we encounter in the abundant UFO case histories. That would take up too much space and take us far away from the fundamental theme of the book. But the reader should know that in the annals of UFOs, one can find events very similar to the one we have described here, and in those, the conclusion was reached that the strange event had been caused by the crew of a UFO.
In this case, the new circumstance arises: they dropped it from above onto the windshield of a moving car, with the premeditated intention of breaking it and penetrating the vehicle, frightening its occupants. But even this dropping of dismembered human bodies from above has precedents in the history of the UFO phenomenon, and I have addressed this in another book.
The detractors of the whole phenomenon and the eternal doubters

who continue to say www.lectulandia.com - Page 40

that there are no "proven facts", what they should do is read a little more and not talk about what they don't know.

Case No. 4 BLACKOUT IN HONDURAS

For years, major blackouts in cities and entire regions have been linked to UFO sightings. However, I have the impression that in none of them has such a clear relationship been established between cause and effect—that is, between UFOs and the loss of electrical power—as in this one we will present to the reader.

Credit for this excellent investigation must be attributed entirely to Engineer Enrique Castillo Rincón and Mr. Samuel Medina. The former is a well-known "contactee" from Costa Rica who has traveled aboard a UFO on several occasions, and authorities in Colombia and Venezuela are partly attesting to this. Further proof that his adventures are not imaginary could be the fact that he was taken almost by force to Washington by mysterious American agents. There, he was subjected to endless interrogation for several days and later returned by special plane to Bogotá. I have had a great friendship with both researchers for many years, which honors me.

The events referred to in this chapter occurred on October 14 and 27, 1978, in Honduras. On the 14th, there was a blackout across almost the entire country, lasting 10 minutes in the central region and 25 minutes in the southern region, beginning at 6:10 p.m.

Before presenting our reasons for claiming the blackout was caused by UFOs, we want to reflect on some other famous blackouts. Although most people are familiar with the two famous New York blackouts (largely because this city is the headquarters of the world's major news agencies, and everything that happens there easily gains worldwide notoriety), there have been a number of equally large and extensive blackouts that are also believed to have been caused by UFOs. Among them, we currently recall two in Canada, one very extensive one in Texas, two in Argentina, one in Australia, and so on.

It's true that some of these have even taken photos of UFOs flying over the darkened city (New York), which apparently didn't happen in our case. However, the abundance of testimonies, the concreteness of their observations, and the strangeness of some phenomena reported by the power plant engineers themselves lead us to believe that the two blackouts were caused by the concerted work of several space vehicles of unknown origin.

We have no choice but to dispense with much of the abundant material patiently compiled over 15 days by Messrs. Castillo and Medina, as well as numerous testimonies, in order not to make this chapter too long.

Here's what Rogelio Bercian, 24, advertising coordinator for the

newspaper La Tribuna de Tegucigalpa, said:

It was exactly 6:06 p.m. I was near El Picacho Hill checking my car when I saw a strange object in the distance moving at high speed from south to north. Believing it was a conventional airplane, I watched it very carefully and in amazement, as it was traveling very fast and coming dangerously close to a heavily populated area. From where I was, I could clearly see the entire city.

Suddenly, the object described a very fast, almost suicidal maneuver, in the form of a figure eight, and I could then see its shape and configuration; it resembled a gigantic*boomerang*Or a hang glider, with a very bright light in the center. The moment it descended and made its closest approach to the city, almost over Toncontín Airport, the city's power immediately went out; I saw all the lights dim until they were completely extinguished.

The strange flying object ascended rapidly into the sky, taking with it*as if glued*"a tail of light appeared on it, after describing an incredible maneuver and launching itself almost vertically upwards. Possibly at its lowest point over the city it was about a thousand meters high over the southern zone. The approximate dimensions of the object I saw were about 25 meters from wing to wing and about 8 meters long, although I cannot calculate its thickness or height."

This basic account could be corroborated in virtually all its parts by many other witnesses.

"It was approximately 6:10 p.m. when I left to take the minibus. I observed what seemed to be a star detaching itself from the sky and then performing a strange maneuver, as if it were slowing down its fall, when it suddenly changed course, describing a half-wave, and rising rapidly until it was lost to sight. The moment it stopped its fall, I saw a flash, and immediately the city's electrical power went out... The object I saw had delta-shaped wings... I can say it was large..."

Regarding this object, Castillo and Medina still obtained more testimonies, but the curious thing is that there were other people who saw other strange objects at different points in the city at the same time.

"Several objects in the sky, shaped like an orange ball about two meters in size, and also a cylindrical object that disappeared, making a

strange whistling noise." (Luis Silva, 12, and a friend of his, also 12; both live in the Toro Tagua neighborhood.)
It should be noted that the Torotagua neighborhood is located south of the city, while the accounts of the first two witnesses are located north of it, above La Leona, the substation that distributes electricity to Tegucigalpa.
There are still more accounts in which other witnesses saw other types of UFOs in other parts of the city "at approximately 5:11 p.m." A woman (who did not want to give her name) along with her four children and a neighbor saw "two silvery objects moving together at high altitude; they then separated and headed in opposite directions."
Another curious detail that coincides with other suspicious blackouts is that the following day "a squadron of UFOs was seen flying very high" and two days later a teacher from the Vicente Cáceres Central Institute (who also preferred to remain anonymous) discovered some strange marks on the grass at the entrance to the Institute, as if a fan had been floating very low above the ground.
The investigations carried out by Castillo and Medina regarding this first blackout only include testimony from the capital, but curiously, when they approached the competent authorities in search of a technical explanation for the blackout, they found that they were given new details of "unexplained anomalies" occurring far from Tegucigalpa, specifically at the El Cañaveral generating station. As the reader can see in the first engraving—made by an engineer from the "ENEE" (National Electric Energy Company)—the El Cañaveral plant stopped operating "after a strange glow was observed."
But not only that, 200 kilometers from Tegucigalpa, in the southern part of the country, the San Lorenzo and Choluteca stations were also affected. And as engineer Martín Baide, head of public relations for the "ENEE," explained:

"We can't fully explain how the blackout occurred; if it had occurred in the southern Choluteca-San Lorenzo area, it would have only affected that area and not continued to Tegucigalpa, as it did, since the circuit would have automatically shut down..."

And it is very noteworthy that exactly one year before there had been several blackouts and failures to which, according to the same engineer Baide,

"The cause could never be found; there were several and very

short-lived, www.lectulandia.com - Page 44

returning or flowing the energy alone again.

This is completely normal in all mysterious blackouts. The power comes back on without technicians knowing how.

The summary of this first blackout is as follows: At the precise moment in which several types of UFOs are sighted flying over Tegucigalpa and when precisely one of them dives in the vicinity of the La Leona substation north of the capital, and at the precise moment in which the El Cañaveral generating plant, very far from the capital, a strange glow is observed, a major blackout occurs that affects most of Honduran territory and the León region, in neighboring Nicaragua, which is connected to the Honduran grid.

As a conclusion, we will say that when asked if he saw any possible relationship between the presence of UFOs and the blackout, engineer Baide replied: "Personally, I do not rule out the possibility that technologies superior to those of man could be the cause of these anomalies, since we have not been able to satisfactorily explain the true causes of these blackouts."

Let's see what the blackout of October 27th was like.

If on the 14th we see a fairly direct relationship between UFOs and the power outage, on the 27th we will see an even stronger one.[See illustrations 1, 2 and 3]

One of the special circumstances of this blackout, which leads us to link it more closely to the UFO phenomenon, is that it wasn't simultaneous like the one on the 14th in the different cities it affected. The aggravating factor is that the respective blackouts occurred precisely when the different cities were being flown over by mysterious unidentified objects.

Let us listen to the testimony of Mrs. Aída Zúñiga de Oviedo, 40, director of the Independencia Academy of Women's Secretaries, in Choluteca (200 kilometers south of Tegucigalpa):

> «At 6 o'clock in the morning it started to rain heavily, with lightning strikes at first... I was in my office when one of the students named Egdomilia Quiroz was called by a classmate to go outside and see something very strange that was flashing in a large cloud. It looked like a gigantic basin, which, according to the calculations of six young ladies, was about 100 meters long. It was truly impressive.

The height at which the device was static could be about 800 meters and you could see windows around it; all the girls stood up.

very nervous, to the point where two of them were almost in hysterics, screaming. The device was camouflaged with a large cloud or fog, but its shape could be clearly seen; it looked as if vapor was rising from around it. One of the girls said it looked like the one in Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

»It remained stationary in the same place for about 10 minutes, making no noise; only flashes of lightning appeared, but no sound. Then it began to move and fade away. The electricity was still on, but minutes later, all power went out in Choluteca. Some people thought there was a huge fire somewhere in the city, since the light they saw was circular, and they thought it was the glow from the fire.

»The strangest thing of all was that when the device left, it immediately stopped raining. The object's light changed color from reddish-yellow to pale pink and disappeared. Several people tried to start their cars but couldn't. After the rain stopped, some cars started running normally... This moment was terrifying for the girls, and we'll never forget it.»

It's worth noting that the city of Choluteca, like many others in the South, receives its energy from the Pavana power plant, which "inexplicably was also affected," according to experts from the "ENEE." The vast region of Nicaragua supplied by this same plant was also affected.

Exactly two hours later, a strange aircraft appeared over Tegucigalpa, heading directly for the La Leona substation. Investigators collected very precise and extensive evidence of this aircraft and its maneuvers. Here's what Miguel Herrero, the worker on duty at La Leona the night of the blackout, said:

«It was exactly 8:06 p.m., as I had just looked at that large electric clock..., when suddenly the image of a small television began to fade until it was lost and at the same time I saw a bluish glow and immediately there was an explosion in the courtyard where the transformers and the output distribution are.

I was momentarily blinded, and as soon as I recovered, I ran to the courtyard and saw sparks coming from that tower where the insulators are... Then I saw a very blinding light rising toward the sky; I had to

close my eyes again because the light was blinding me, and besides, my eyes had been watering from the beginning. It was something indefinite... It rose with a buzzing sound.

Miguel Herrero (who several days after the blackout was still wearing

glasses www.lectulandia.com - Page 46

(because he said his eyes were very red and irritated) said that at the time of the blackout, two circuits were disconnected, so there is no possible explanation for how it could have affected the entire country. According to him, the points on the control panels suffered a strange alteration "as if the power had vanished or been lost."
As with the previous blackout on the 14th, it appears that not just one UFO flew over the city, but several, judging by the many witnesses who claim to have seen several objects.
An exceptional witness, who despite being unaware of everything was nevertheless the recipient and unifier of many testimonies, was Rodrigo Wong Arévalo, assistant manager of the Cadena Radio América station and director of El Noticiero, in Tegucigalpa:

"I received many calls—12 in total—from people claiming to have seen strange flying objects; two of them told me they had seen an octopus-shaped flying object—note how all the witnesses agree on this detail, even though they described it in different ways. We kept the public very well informed about what was happening. I don't know if they were telling the truth; I was just reporting it. Some of the callers were really excited."

Miss Julia Martínez Flores, a female police officer from the La Leona detachment, said the following:

«It was 8:10 at night and I was on guard duty alone when the power went out. I went out to the street to see what was happening and noticed some lights rotating in the sky. I saw a very low light that was rotating around itself, a bright red color, and it was more or less above the La Leona plant; it was silent in flight; it had*pigtails*down like that; I thought it was the end of the world.

An apartment building security guard, Rosendo A. Ponce, said he

heard a crash-like noise at the exact moment the power went out. He went outside and saw a very strange light about two meters long coming over the power lines; it passed about two meters away from him, "whistling in a very strange way."
Taxi driver Roberto Aguilar said he had seen a very large light in the sky. When he saw it, it was going quite low, and he got a better look; he was terrified.

"Well, the device or whatever it was was shaped like an octopus with

tentacles that www.lectulandia.com - Page 47

They were moving in a spinning motion; it reached the site of La Leona and suddenly the city lights went out, which gave me a tremendous shiver because I assumed that what I had just seen was related to the blackout.

[See illustration 4]

Another curious detail about this witness, which coincides with what many other UFO witnesses around the world have said, is that in his opinion, "it was a flying animal."

These testimonies, while compelling, are, in my view, secondary when compared to the overall testimony of the Elvir Hernández family, who live very close to La Leona station.

Here is what Mrs. Donatila Hernández de Elvir, 40, a housewife, said:

"It was 8:10 a.m. and I was in the kitchen when I suddenly saw a very strange glow that filled the entire kitchen and immediately heard an explosion, just as the power went out. I immediately looked out the window overlooking La Leona station and was quite surprised to see a strange device motionless on top of the mango tree, about a meter above it.

It was a meter thick by two meters long and its shape was strange, since around the device revolved some long metallic whiskers from which came out sparkles of various colors; however, what seemed to be a dome was still; only the whiskers revolved and the device shone so much that I could not hold my gaze; then I screamed as loud as I could from the fear that produced in me.*What*.

A very strange thing also happened: at the moment the violet light invaded the kitchen, a strange buzzing sound began to sound that remained in the kitchen for several seconds... The violet color

remained*glued*to the kitchen walls until they fade away...»

Donatila's 17-year-old daughter, Elisabeth, was in an even better position to witness the incident, as when the UFO approached the mango tree after the explosion, she was only about seven meters away from it. She gives virtually the same details as her mother, although Elisabeth saw the UFO as soon as it appeared, shining brightly on the nearby horizon.

> "The light was so bright and so blue that it blinded me; I turned my face away and covered it with my hands because I thought I'd go blind."

In fact, she was unable to see for several minutes and fell into a fit of hysteria and nerves that lasted two days, with headaches and malaise.[See illustration 5] Those who say that "there is no concrete evidence of UFOs" and that it's all a figment of the mind are unaware of cases like this one, where dozens of witnesses from all walks of life agree in stating and describing the same event—a very concrete event like the power outage across an entire city.

As for the witnesses' statement not being "proof," it won't be so in the purely scientific field—and even this could be discussed, since the ultimate and definitive witnesses of laboratory equipment are the senses of the people who operate and test it—but it is authentic "proof" in a human sense.

Judges in a court of law convict or acquit based on "evidence" or testimony that is often not as abundant or as consistent as that of the blackouts in Honduras.

Case No. 5 THE CHILD HEALED BY "GOD"

The following case may provide the key to a radical explanation of the religious phenomenon. Naturally, many other aspects must be taken into account in the religious phenomenon, but we believe that in this case (and in countless other similar ones throughout history) there are certain elements that are essential for a radical understanding of the extremely interesting psychosocial phenomenon called religion.

It happened in Peru in 1960, in a place called Bailanca, 100 kilometers south of Chimbote and near a large hydroelectric plant. The main witness (of whom I have a detailed recording, not only of the event I'm about to narrate, but also of others that happened before and after in that same region) is a Yugoslavian engineer, head of maintenance at the plant, and a complete

skeptic when it comes to extraterrestrial beings or flying saucers until the events described here occurred. Endowed with a very strong character and with a highly technical profession, very attached to the laws of the matter, he is the type of person completely opposed to fabrications and anything reeking of mysticism or intangible realities.

His first connection with the UFO phenomenon was a momentary blackout at midnight at the power plant.

When he left the office in a rage to find out what had caused it, he heard one of his assistants, named Quirós, say in a terrified, broken voice:

—Those strange people have come down again!

As he was about to ask him what kind of people he was talking about, he realized that despite it being midnight, everything outside the power station was lit up as if it were daytime. He hurried outside to investigate the source of the light when he saw a large, lentil-shaped vessel at the end of the esplanade. While he was staring at it, filled with astonishment, he saw two individuals talking to each other, and instinctively realized that they were the "strange people" Quirós had referred to.

Without hesitation, he grumpily approached them and asked what they were doing there, what permission they had had to enter, and if they were aware of the harmful consequences of a power outage, even a temporary one. They smiled, tried to calm him down, and told him they weren't responsible for the blackout.

They spoke to him in a calm manner, always trying to remove the bad mood that he openly showed, since according to his own confession, he told them

words "which cannot be repeated in public." He was told that the temporary blackout had been caused by a buzzard (a type of vulture or buzzard that is quite common in the area) that had made contact with two cables with its open wings.

They added that they hadn't come to harm anyone and that they had been coming to Earth for many years from their own planet called Apu. The Yugoslavian, far from being reassured by these explanations, launched into further criticism of them because he felt they were making fun of him. He told them that he didn't believe any of the nonsense they were telling him and that they had to leave the power plant grounds immediately.

Without hearing any further explanation, he turned around and, still furious, headed back into the building. But before entering, remembering the

strange vehicle he had seen at the end of the esplanade, he turned to see if it was still there, surrounded by that extraordinary light.

The vehicle was then rising vertically; when it reached an altitude of about 1,000 meters, it took a more horizontal course, accelerated at high speed, and was soon lost in space above the high peaks.

Despite everything he had seen, our man still refused to give in, even though he couldn't stop mulling over the events of that night in his head. But he didn't tell anyone about it, nor did he change his thoughts or his way of life, trying to forget the whole incident as if it had been an inconsequential dream.

Shortly thereafter, while hunting deer in the Andes mountain range above 4,000 meters, he had another encounter in which he engaged in a more friendly conversation with them. This second encounter was followed by others in which he continued to receive new news and information about the planet of origin of the strange visitors, the formation of the stars in the solar system, and many other topics that interested him, which I preserve on the tape I referred to.

By then our engineer had already abandoned his hostile attitude towards them and had convinced himself that they were indeed non-human beings, although their shapes made them look very similar to us.

However, I want to emphasize one of his encounters with the "extraterrestrials" that, as I said before, I consider key to understanding an intriguing aspect of human history.

One day, when our engineer was engaged in his favorite pastime, hunting, following the trail of deer and bears at more than 4,000 meters above sea level and in places very sparsely populated by Indians, completely removed from civilization, he came across a small, closed valley, surrounded by high hills.

He was surprised to see a small group of Indians gathered around something he couldn't see very well from a distance. Although he didn't speak Quechua, and most of those Indians didn't speak Spanish, he approached them to see what was going on there. Normally, on his hunts, he was accompanied by a pure-blooded Indian employee from the central office who spoke Quechua well and served as an interpreter for him to communicate with the natives; but on this occasion, he wasn't.

Moving closer, he could see that the Indians were all gathered around a child lying on the ground, covered with a large amount of clothing, as it was intensely cold and snowy. The child appeared to be in very bad shape, as his color was gone, and all signs indicated that he was dying.

The engineer was received with great coldness and distrust, and when he

asked through signs what was wrong with the boy, they told him that he had fallen from some rocks and broken some bones. Seeing the state of despair he was in, and seeing at the same time the sadness and resignation of his parents and relatives, he told them that he offered to take the boy to the nearest hospital if they would take him to his jeep, which was much further down the mountain, quite a distance away. The boy's parents were very upset by this offer of help, and when the engineer insisted again that he had to take him to the hospital because the boy was very ill and in grave danger, they vehemently refused.

Intrigued by the parents' attitude and their opposition to him doing anything, despite the fact that they realized the child was in a very serious condition, he asked them why they didn't want him to be taken to the hospital, knowing that the child would die if they didn't.

Then they answered him with all simplicity something that the engineer managed to understand but that at the same time filled him with stupor:

—Because "Dad" God is going to come and heal him.

With their hands, they simultaneously pointed upward and then immediately toward the child. He tried to imagine what God had to do with all this and kept persuading them to take the child to his jeep so he could immediately transport him to the hospital.

When he had already decided to leave the boy to his fate, he heard the Indians begin to exclaim and all look up at a point in the sky. He immediately looked in their direction and saw a vehicle, exactly like the one he had seen months earlier at the hydroelectric plant, hurtling down from the heights, landing gently a short distance from the group of Indians. They greeted it with shouts of joy, clearly showing on their faces that this was what they had been waiting for so long.

Immediately, several individuals like those he had seen on other occasions emerged from the ship, including a woman who, like her companions, was wearing a loose-fitting suit of tights. They went to where the boy was and, with the help of his parents, immediately carried him toward the ship, where he remained for about 15 minutes. After that time, the boy left the ship's door on his own and ran toward his parents, jumping and throwing stones so they could see that he had not only regained all his strength, but that his arm was completely healed. All the natives burst into shouts of joy as they surrounded the boy and felt him to see if he was completely healed.

The pseudo-extraterrestrial explained to the engineer how they had

performed the operation in such a short time. According to her, they had disintegrated all the diseased particles and reintegrated them, putting everything back in its place.

I said "pseudo-extraterrestrial" because, as she herself explained, she was born on our planet and as a very young girl—47 years ago—she had been taken by Apu's people to their planet, where she had fully acclimatized, becoming like one of them.

The strange thing about this case—which raises great doubts in me—is that she was also Yugoslav, and from the same region as the engineer! So they both spoke in his dialect. This didn't seem to surprise him at all, especially after the things he'd already seen that he couldn't have imagined years before. But I confess that it leaves me completely perplexed, because this small detail is very similar to other highly suspicious "small details" I've encountered in other cases.

Another circumstance that most interested us throughout the engineer's long narrative was the number of times he, during his forays into the heights of the mountain range in search of big game, encountered groups of indigenous people sitting quietly around aliens, listening attentively to their conversation, who, of course, spoke to them in perfect Quechua.

Apparently, at those altitudes, far from our "civilization," communication between the "gods" and the Indians continues as it did in times past all over the planet, when aboriginal tribes with very primitive cultures considered them gods and worshipped them in some way.

The fact that they were waiting with the sick child for them to come down tells us that they knew in advance in some way that "god" was going to come; either because they usually went down there on a fixed date or because they had communicated with one of the Indians to tell them when and where they were going to come, or also because the Indians had some way of calling them and communicating with them. The truth is that the Yugoslav engineer surprised them several times in this type of meetings, unknown to them.

all the "civilized" people in their country.

In fact, on one occasion when he had surprised them and had even participated in the conversation, when the aliens had already withdrawn and he was preparing to descend the mountain, one of the chiefs approached him and begged him not to tell the authorities anything about what he had seen there.

When he asked her the reason for this, she told him that if the authorities found out, they would most likely send soldiers to see what was going on there and start an investigation, and this would probably cause her friends in

heaven to never return, which would make them very sad because they felt very protected by her friendship.

As I said at the beginning of this chapter, this episode can shed much light on many of the biblical stories—especially the Pentateuch—and on all the sacred books of the great religions, from a new perspective. It can also help us to correctly interpret the enormous number of traditions and legends similar to this one that fill the history of all peoples.

Case No. 6 DISAPPEARING PLANES

The cases of planes and ships that are lost without ever being heard from again are more or less known by readers since lately many magazines have been dedicated to popularizing these topics and especially books like those of Charles Berlitz (The Bermuda Triangle and*Without a trace*)[2] have aroused great interest in this worrying issue.

It's only natural that when an airplane or ship sinks or falls into the sea, it's

not easy to find any remains, and it's common for the incident to be due to normal errors, without us having to resort to any superhuman or mysterious force to explain the tragedy. But there are cases in which a number of circumstances lead us to evidence, or at least to a well-founded suspicion, that the incident wasn't natural and that other forces intervened in the whole affair for which we have no explanation.

In April 1979, a four-engine turboprop Vickers Viscount from the Ecuadorian airline Saeta made the first morning trip on its regular Quito-Cuenca route (approximately 600 kilometers). It's worth noting that both cities are located in the Andean valleys, at approximately 2,300 meters above sea level, making the journey between them no easy feat, especially considering that along the way lie two of the Andean giants, Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, both of which rise to over 6,000 meters above sea level.

However, despite the route's difficulty, the pilots who cover it identify with it perfectly, having flown it hundreds of times, several times a day.

When the plane in question was already in sight of Cuenca Airport, and after requesting landing clearance, its signal suddenly stopped and it never landed, neither there nor at any other airport. It's worth noting that there was no bad weather at that moment, the pilot never indicated any problems, and visibility was unlimited in the airspace surrounding the plane and 50 kilometers at Cuenca Airport.

I conducted my investigation into this case about twenty days after it had happened. Since this wasn't a private incident requiring a search for hidden witnesses, but rather a notoriously public event that had the entire nation in dismay, it was easy for me to go to the offices of El Universo in Guayaquil, the nation's main newspaper, and carefully read the dispatches that constantly arrived from various news agencies about how the search efforts were progressing. A month later, there was no clue as to where the plane and its 53 occupants had ended up, despite the extremely intensive search organized by the authorities.

There were several factors worth considering during that search. The first was that it was not a private search organized by the airline or by some of the missing persons' families, but rather an official search, organized by the country's highest authorities and the Ecuadorian Air Force, and involving various types of planes and helicopters, as we were able to verify ourselves. Those planes and helicopters repeatedly flew over all the possible locations where the crashed plane could have gone down.

A favorable fact that theoretically made the search easier was that it was known with certainty that the plane was already in sight of Cuenca airport and was in fact preparing to land, so the area in which it could have fallen, had a

sudden mishap occurred, was much smaller than if it had been lost mid-route, at a much higher altitude and in a more indeterminate location.

A testament to the efficiency of these aerial search efforts is the fact that a small plane also went missing during the search, and it was only a matter of hours before the other planes involved in the search found its wreckage in the middle of a wooded area.

Furthermore, in the authorities' desperation to unravel this disappearance, the United States Air Force was called in to assist in the search. The Americans dispatched from Panama one of their specialized planes for this type of work, capable of detecting even sardine cans buried several meters beneath the snow. In fact, they discovered an old jeep lying at the bottom of a deep chasm, which had been presumed missing for many years and of which almost all memory had been lost. Well, despite this plane's tireless efforts to fly over and over the entire area where the struggling plane could have crashed with its sophisticated electronic instruments, it found no trace of it. Today, nearly seven years later, the strange disappearance remains a mystery.

However, the strangest circumstance of this case is the following: Two and a half years earlier, in August 1976, another plane from the same company, "Saeta", exactly the same as the one we are talking about, on the same first flight of the morning from Quito to Cuenca and practically at the same point, already within sight of the Cuenca airport, disappeared in the same mysterious way and at this time nothing has been heard of it or of all its passengers and crew, despite the fact that it was searched for with the same intensity as the one searched for two years later.

And this is what had the authorities most closely involved in the event on the verge of despair.

Naturally, there was no shortage of accusations in the press against the company's management of using old aircraft and keeping them in poor condition. However,

Judging by the documentation presented by these same company leaders, the company fully complies with ICAO (International Civil Aviation Organization) regulations and the rigorous inspections required for airlines with scheduled flights. The use of turboprops instead of jet aircraft at the time was due to the fact that the Cuenca runway was not suitable for this type of aircraft.

According to its flight log, the "Vickers" of "Saeta" had 32,000 flight hours since its manufacture at the time of its disappearance, but since the last total "check" that qualified it to continue flying for another 5,000 hours, it had barely

used 981. In the case at hand, the last total inspection lasted four months and among other things, 2,400 x-rays of the aircraft were taken with X-rays and gamma rays to detect any fault in its structure.

From all this, it can be deduced with a high degree of probability that, if there was an accident, it couldn't have been due to the age of the aircraft or a lack of maintenance. Another detail (which we give much less importance to, although it's still curious, since we see these parallels quite frequently throughout the UFO phenomenon) is that when the first "Saeta" plane crashed, one of the small planes participating in the search also crashed—just as the second did. But on both occasions, it was only a matter of hours to locate them, despite both having crashed in the middle of equatorial vegetation and in places that were difficult to track.

The Press, twenty days after the second accident and when the number of conjectures and public interest were at their most keen, published a news item that went almost unnoticed, but which for me was one more piece of information to suspect that the whole incident was due to our "good brothers from space," as so many naive people still call them, without taking the trouble to make at least some distinction.

According to the press release, the pilot of a plane belonging to the Brazilian airline Varig, which was flying south over Cuenca at the time, at an altitude of about 11,000 meters (much higher than the missing plane), claimed to have had the turbojet on his radar and also said he had heard its conversations with Guayaquil and when it requested permission to land in Cuenca. However, he reported that when he tried to detect it again on the screen or listen to its communications with the ground a few moments later, he was unable to do so, wondering at its sudden silence and its inexplicable disappearance from the radar screen, since in reality it had not had time to land.

It is also very noteworthy that in the first accident, which occurred in August 1976, due to the impossibility of finding the missing plane, the authorities brought from Europe the famous clairvoyant Croiset, whose fame as a detector of objects or

missing persons and as a criminal investigator is well known throughout the world.

Well, Croiset, after making every effort, came to the conclusion that the plane "was not on a physical plane; it simply wasn't anywhere."

And it is a curious coincidence that two years earlier, Croiset himself had been called by the Puerto Rican Police to try to find two children who had mysteriously disappeared on a mountain called El Yunke, where there had

already been other disappearances and where all sorts of strange things happen.

Well, Croiset, after having explored the mountain and gathered maps and the missing children's clothing, said practically the same thing he would have said when the Ecuadorian plane landed: "I don't see them on this physical plane." The answer, of course, didn't please the curious or the police authorities who had brought him from Holland, but I remember that for me it was a confirmation of Croiset's clairvoyant gifts.

No one told him about the many strange things that happen on that mountain, and he tried to find them, just as he had done many times before, hired by his country's police to solve criminal cases. The police, of course, didn't believe in any disappearances caused by "strange entities"; rather, they were inclined to believe they had been kidnapped by members of the Mafia.

I was almost certain that they had been abducted by the many mysterious entities that have inhabited that lush mountain since before the arrival of the Spanish; and the subsequent disappearances and strange events that occurred in those parts have proven me right. Perhaps one day I'll decide to write something about what I've compiled about the many suspicious deaths, disappearances, and sightings of all kinds of strange creatures, UFOs, and rare animals that have occurred in the El Yunque mountain range in northeast Puerto Rico.

Continuing with the topic of the Ecuadorian plane, I heard rumors that the mother of one of the flight attendants who disappeared in the crash had received a strange letter from her daughter telling her not to worry about her because "she was fine and in a place she didn't want to return from." I tried to find the source of this news but couldn't, and I attribute it rather to the collective hysteria unleashed among the press and public opinion in the face of such an unfortunate accident, which strangely repeated the same circumstances as the previous one and which was also the sixth plane crash in just over two years.

However, it is absolutely true that one of the most prominent authorities, directly related to the missing plane, asked me for an interview so that

I told him honestly what I thought about the matter and what the possibility was that the plane had actually been hijacked by a UFO.

In the absence of direct witnesses linking the disappearance of this aircraft to a UFO, one is necessarily forced to remain in the realm of speculation—but speculation that has many precedents in all latitudes of the planet.

In October 1978, a commercial airliner went missing in Honduras with all its passengers. Despite an intense search, it was never found. As the reader

will recall, as we reported in a previous case, precisely around that time there were two major blackouts in Honduras, which, as we saw, were caused by UFOs of various kinds.

Are we entitled to suspect in this case that UFOs were not only the cause of the blackout—something we are absolutely certain of—but also the cause of the plane's disappearance?

I think so, especially considering the background of this case. First of all, I must point out the parallel between the disappearance of the two Ecuadorian planes I just described and that of two British planes based in Bermuda.

In January 1948, the Star Tiger, a Tudor IV belonging to British South American Airways, disappeared near Bermuda. A year later, in January 1949, another Tudor IV, called the Star Ariel belonging to the same company, British South American Airways, mysteriously disappeared between Bermuda and Jamaica.

And it's good to know that while it's true that everything related to the "Bermuda Triangle" has been greatly exaggerated, it's also true that of the 60 ship disappearances that Marius Alexander lists worldwide, 28 took place within the famous "triangle"; and of the 44 airplane disappearances, 24 occurred within those same boundaries.

To convince the reader that I'm not just talking in generalities, I'll mention a few specific aircraft disappearances; and although I'll do so briefly, I could provide much more detail in most cases.

On December 28, 1948, a DC4 en route from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Miami, requested the usual permission from the control tower to land in Key West. It was granted, but the plane never landed, and no more was heard from its 36 occupants.

In June 1951, a Constellation flying from Johannesburg to New York with 40 passengers and preparing to land in Dakar suffered the same fate. In 1973, the pilot of a Caravelle was preparing to land in Madeira. Those waiting on the airport roof saw the plane in the distance as it approached the runway. Moments later, it was no longer in the air and never landed. I have specific records of about 29 similar cases, in which the plane, after having

The aircraft, which had been in contact with the control tower, inexplicably disappeared. In the cases reported so far, the press releases did not mention UFOs or link them to the plane's disappearance, but in the case of the American fighter jet flying over East Germany in January 1964, they did. The radar at the military airport where it was headed had long since displayed "two strange objects" on its screen, closely following the plane. The plane suddenly disappeared from the screen and was never heard from again.

Among these incidents, the classic case is that of the Lancaster Star Dust. It was on August 2, 1947. The pilot had already flown over the Andes and had already contacted the control tower in Santiago, Chile, announcing a "safe landing."

Interrupting these words, a loud voice appeared on the radio and said twice very quickly:

«¡Stendec! ¡Stendec!»

No one knew how to interpret them, but the plane never landed.

And much less known, although more enlightening, was the case of a small single-seater plane flying over the State of Missouri (United States): Not far from its trajectory, a large cigar-shaped "mother ship" could be seen, motionless in space.

In a swift movement, it approached the small plane, which it immobilized in midair. At one end, a large door opened, swallowing the plane in seconds, fitting perfectly even with its wings extended. Of course, the few astonished witnesses were dismissed as hallucinating, and the incident became part of the popular folklore of that region, specifically of the "legends" related to UFOs. But the truth is that the plane was never heard again, and the pilot's parents are still waiting for their son. Several strange circumstances often occur when airplanes disappear, as also occur when ships disappear, which are even more frequent. First, they usually disappear without having sent out an SOS. Their voice simply stops being heard on the radio, although there are a few cases in which the pilot's terrified voice has been heard pleading for help; but it must be acknowledged that these are an insignificant minority compared to those that disappear silently. Furthermore, these incidents, like UFO sightings, occur in waves. It's not uncommon for a plane to disappear under mysterious circumstances, followed by others shortly after.

Several examples: In 1951, in just over a month, five planes disappeared in Alaska without a trace, none of which ever reported being in trouble. A total of 81 people disappeared.

The following year, in less than two months, eight planes disappeared again in Alaska, and three years later, in the space of 20 days, nearly 100 people perished in various plane crashes in the Rocky Mountains. As in the other cases, none of these planes, which were never found, sent out the slightest radio alarm.

It can be said that the disappearance of ships and planes involves the Jungian phenomenon of "synchronicity," which also occurs in other

paranormal events. It is common for another plane to disappear somewhere on the globe on the same day it vanishes, possibly thousands of miles away. On the same day the plane from Honduras we mentioned went missing, another plane disappeared in Australia under strange circumstances.

Finally, it should be noted that whoever is involved in making planes disappear seems to have a certain grudge against military aircraft squadrons or formations.

In 1952, a squadron of American jets was conducting a reconnaissance flight over Korea. One of the planes entered a cloud and never emerged from it. In 1950, three American fighter planes crashed simultaneously near Washington. In 1951, on June 8, no fewer than eight American Thunderjets, having just taken off, crashed one after another near Richmond, Indiana. Two years later, four more Thunderjets fell engulfed in flames from 3,000 meters in the state of Georgia.

In 1955, eight aircraft from a Portuguese military squadron crashed in Lisbon; the following year, six British fighters crashed in Norfolk, five Swedish fighters crashed near Stockholm, and three Dutch fighters crashed in Germany.

In July 1962, four German F-104s crashed near Cologne, and the following year, three American aircraft crashed simultaneously in northwestern France.

On May 25, 1966, six "Mystére IVs" crashed on the borders of the provinces of Seville and Huelva, which is precisely the place where most UFO sightings occur in all of Spain... And so we could go on. Almost two years ago (spring of 1987), newspapers around the world reported that three of France's most modern jet planes had crashed simultaneously.

As expected, the "technicians" always have explanations for these group accidents, but when you talk to them unofficially they admit that it is extremely rare for an entire squadron to go aground, and even more so without any of them having raised the alarm over the radio, as has occurred in most cases.[3]

Many events like these, spread across the planet, will gradually wake us up and help us to be more attentive in the future.

events that in other times remained unexplained and were soon forgotten.

Teletypes and computers are helping us to know and remember all these facts and, above all, to relate them to each other, at the same time that they make us realize that this planet is not as much ours as we had thought and that someone is out there playing very heavy jokes, making us believe, on the other hand, that everything has been the product of natural causes.

Case No. 7 SIDERAL VAMPIRISM

In a previous chapter, we saw how the UFO phenomenon is related to the unexplained blackouts of entire cities and regions. In this one, we will present the reader with another strange connection between the phenomenon—that is, the intelligences behind it—and the death of animals and people, as well

as their bleeding to death. It is an extremely disconcerting connection, and for this reason, many researchers are reluctant to accept it. But for the author, there is no doubt, although he has not yet been able to definitively uncover the background to such strange events.

The truth is that certain non-human entities seek the blood of both animals and humans, and sometimes some of their viscera. Sometimes they do so indirectly, concealing their search with other concomitant actions and without making themselves conspicuously visible. But at other times, they seek it in a blatant manner that leaves no room for doubt.

Since I have already written quite a bit on this subject (Let Us Defend Ourselves from the Gods), I will limit myself to transcribing a few paragraphs from that book.

The stark and irrefutable fact is this: UFOs regularly take certain viscera and, above all, large quantities of blood that they extract from animals—preferably cows and bulls—that they have previously slaughtered on farms.

These carnages, which always occur at night, have occurred virtually everywhere in the world, and authorities in several countries, alerted by affected livestock farmers, have actively intervened to find the culprit, but have never been able to provide a convincing explanation.

The fact that we link these deaths to UFOs does not come from deductions, but from having personally investigated a large number of such events and having heard countless eyewitness testimonies.

The reader who reads or hears about this strange quality of UFOs for the first time will think it's just another legend. But in this case, these aren't facts that require investigation through oral traditions or old books; all you need to do is take the trouble to read the dispatches that modern news agencies publish from time to time in the newspapers.

And anyone who wants to be convinced by such a strange occurrence must do what the author did. As soon as the first newspaper report appeared about mysterious animal deaths (which were found with strange wounds on their necks and heads and completely drained of blood), he went to that mountainous region to investigate the events himself. And not only did he hear testimonies, but he was also able to photograph cows that had been killed that very night by UFOs, and which had the wounds characteristic of this type of death.

In the United States, these strange events became so notorious in the 1970s that a magazine entitled Mutilations was even published, dedicated exclusively to describing and cataloging these phenomena.

That magazine focused almost exclusively on events in the United States,

but it's well known that such massacres have occurred and continue to occur in every country on five continents; and in some countries, such as France, Brazil, and South Africa, among others, there are highly detailed reports resulting from lengthy investigations.

In Spain, in 1986, major newspapers published news about the mass and unexplained deaths of animals in Aragon and Navarre, which went unnoticed amid the torrent of unpleasant and sensational news generated daily by our unhinged society.

I transcribe from the newspaper El País a short article signed by Javier Ortega from Zaragoza:

> Hundreds of cattle killed by an unknown animal in Aragon and Navarre. An unknown animal has already killed between 700 and 1,000 sheep from various flocks in the Las Cinco Villas region and for more than a month has sown concern and fear among livestock farmers and residents in the area. So far, the mysterious beast has attacked at least six municipalities in Zaragoza and some in Las Bárdenas in Navarre. The fact that no one has seen the animal for certain has given rise to all kinds of speculation, and there is already talk of the Las Cinco Villas beast...

The article continues to speculate about the cause, but of course, it doesn't come to any conclusions. It doesn't say whether any tests were performed on the sheep after they died, but if they had been, it wouldn't be surprising if they were all found without a single blood sample.

Some Pamplona newspapers dedicated entire pages to reporting on this, to them, inexplicable event.

And if the killing of animals is not readily accepted, even less so is the fact that UFOs occasionally dare to bleed people. And it is not accepted or acknowledged because, in general, incidents of this nature are less common these days, and when they do occur, they are usually carried out in a very discreet manner and in remote regions, so they rarely reach the general public's attention.

In 1977, when I was in the city of San Luis Potosí (about 300 kilometers from Mexico City), I heard about the first case of this

> nature: a newborn who had been found dead, completely drained of blood. The strange circumstances of the case prompted me to investigate further, until I soon discovered that this was not an isolated case, but one among many others like it.

The general circumstances were as follows: they were usually newborns or very young children; they often had bruises or bruises on their skin, as if their blood had been sucked through it; the common denominator among all was that they were completely drained of blood. In some cases, it seemed as if their blood had been sucked through the mouth, since there were no wounds or marks of any kind on the skin.

It is also common for the mothers of these children to be discovered in a lethargic state next to their dead babies, as if they had been drugged by someone while their child was being bled dry. Some of these mothers take days to regain consciousness, and when they do, they feel extremely weak. There are also adults who say—or assume—that they have been attacked by someone in their sleep, because they discover bruises and bruises all over their bodies and also feel extremely weak.

All these events occurred in the municipality of Landa de Matamoros, in the state of Querétaro, in different locations. Naturally, people began to talk about vampires and other things, and panic spread among the humble inhabitants of the area. The cases were referred to the authorities, who conducted some investigations to determine the cause of the deaths, but no definitive conclusion was reached, and the authorities themselves tried to make everything disappear.

Naturally, one can attribute all these events to natural causes, but there are a few circumstances that strongly resemble animal mutilations. One of these strange circumstances, which will speak volumes to anyone familiar with the UFO phenomenon, is the fact that during those same days, the inhabitants of the region constantly saw lights moving slowly in the night sky; some of them stopped above nearby hills and even above the treetops and made very strange movements. The humble local people call these lights (which appear from time to time) "witches" and, in fact, are quite afraid of them, to the point that they practice certain magical rites, which they described to me, to defend themselves from them.

All these events were reported more than once in the press, and in fact I still have a clipping from the regional newspaper, El Heraldo de San Luis Potosí, which reads:

«The most recent cases took place in Tres Lagunas and Valle de

> Guadalupe. First, a 7-year-old girl discovered in the morning that her mother, Josefa Jasso de Martínez, was fast asleep, cuddling her two-day-old baby. When the baby didn't wake up, the girl ran to tell her aunt. When they arrived, they found the baby dead, and the mother didn't fully regain consciousness until two days later.

The newspaper cites another case in the town of Valle, very similar to the one we just described: the mother, named María Nieves Márquez, was found unconscious next to her dead baby. In both cases, the mothers were very weak, and the babies had no wounds or marks on their skin.

Something similar could be said of three Canadian hunters found on November 17, 1977, each with neck wounds and no blood, on a lonely island in Lake Winnipeg (Manitoba). The previous nights had seen a great deal of UFO activity throughout the region.

Reading this, some "ufologists" are experiencing the same fate as the authorities in San Luis Potosí, who became angry with me and reprimanded me for investigating these events and "alarming the population." The "ufologists" are upset and criticize me for linking them to their beloved UFOs, which they still secretly consider the saviors of humanity.

It was very unpleasant for me to convince myself of the reality of the facts, but I would be disingenuous if I did not inform the reader of the results of my investigations, however disturbing they may be.

Case No. 8 HEAVENLY FIREFIGHTERS

I'll end this series of cases with a highly positive one to erase any bad taste the previous one may have left in our mouths and to show that the activities of these entities we're dealing with are extremely varied and somewhat unpredictable.

The incident happened in Colombia in 1976, and was told to me by the same woman who experienced it, who is well-known in her country for writing for one of the capital's newspapers and for being responsible for an entire weekly page dedicated to cultural topics.

This journalist, whose name is Inés de Montaña, has not made her experience a secret, like so many others.

The scene of the incident was a hacienda called Honda, in the Department of Tolima, located toward the center of Colombia. Inés de Montaña was with her friend Jovita Caicedo, around dawn, in the old house on her ancestral hacienda when they awoke, suffocated by smoke and terrified by the sinister glow of a massive fire advancing toward the house, razing trees and crops.

The farmhands ran everywhere in terror, searching for axes and branches, as there was no water to put out the flames. A few minutes later, enormous flames began to appear from the gallery on the crest

of the hill, sending thick smoke into the sky.
The farmhands had fought desperately to prevent the fire from spreading, but had given up in the face of the rapid advance of the flames and the enormous heat they produced. The abundant dry leaves caused the flames to rapidly gain intensity and height, and they advanced ever faster in the direction of the old hacienda house, which, being largely made of wood, would be devoured in a few minutes.
As Doña Inés watched in dismay as the fire roared forward, "suddenly—and I quote her—something unimaginable appeared to the West. It was like a helicopter of light.
It came slowly, and its brilliance wasn't like a diamond's, but rather had bluish hues, and you could stare at it. My whole being became eyes, only to gaze at it.

"—Mrs. Inesita, look, look!" Jovita shouted.
"—I'm watching—was all I could say.
"Then she, driven by anguish, began to exclaim, raising her

arms towards the sky:
"—Martian gentlemen, help us! This land of Lady Inesita must not burn! Save the little animals, they are blessed!"
"I heard their pleas as if they were coming from afar, while that thing—I don't know what to call it—moved forward, obscuring the stars in that summer sky. I had the impression it was going to land on us, but at the height of the coconut palms it rose again. It slowly moved away, leaving a luminous trail like the tail of a comet that moved harmoniously, as if to the beat of a Strauss waltz.
"Since then, when I close my eyes to remember, I see it again as something I had never suspected or dreamed of in my life."

What had happened?
The inexplicable had happened: the UFO had unleashed a wave of intense cold—when the temperature was around 40 degrees—which not only extinguished the flames almost instantly, but also made all the astonished spectators shiver. Doña Inés had to run and get her "raincoat for traveling to Bogotá," and with it on, she could see how the flames quickly subsided.
The UFO had first stopped for a few seconds and then began to move

very slowly along the entire front of the flames. As it moved forward, the flames began to extinguish, as if tons of water were being thrown over them.

When Luis, Chepe and Julio arrived, the laborers who had been on the other side of the hill fighting to contain the fire and who for this reason had not seen the UFO, commented in wonder how the sudden cold had extinguished the flames.

Doña Inés, in her article in El Espectador of Bogotá, recalled Luis's words:

> "It was just that the cold was so bad. It was so bitter that it got the better of the flames. All I could do was roll down my shirtsleeves."

When the UFO reached the end of the line of fire, it had been completely extinguished and only a faint smoke was coming out from where moments before flames twenty meters high had been emerging,

And Doña Inés de Montaña ends her writing:

> «The above is my truth supported by the testimony of four people who felt with me the effect of a strange phenomenon and because in more than

> For 30 years, no one has been able to say that in the hundreds of pages I have written, there has been any fantasy, fiction, or lies.

This is what Doña Inés de Montaña told me and wrote to me.

As the reader can see, I am only a secondary witness to this incident and have to rely on the person who told me about it. But this direct witness gave me all kinds of details and names of people with whom I could verify the veracity of everything that happened. Aside from the fact that at the newspaper where she worked for many years, I was able to confirm that she enjoyed complete credibility and was held in very high regard by her superiors.

Otherwise, they wouldn't have allowed him to publish the story on a full page.

THE MYSTERY OF UMMO

Since we refer to the UMMO case on several occasions throughout the book, we believe it is appropriate to dedicate a few pages to it, as we consider it to be one of the strangest cases in all of the strange UFO phenomenon.

Although the presence of these extraterrestrials has been detected in a few nations, and during the 1960s and 1970s the leader of the fourteen Ummites residing on our planet was in Australia, it was in Spain where their activities and communications gained greatest notoriety. We don't know whether this was due to their more open expression among us or due to the greater talkativeness of their Iberian contactees. The truth is that around that

time, many reports circulated in Spain on a wide variety of topics, supposedly originating from the explorers that the planet UMMO had sent to Earth.

If this is true, we are faced with a case that falls squarely within the scope of this book. These would involve non-human intelligent beings—true extraterrestrials—who do not belong to another dimension but are more or less like us, but a thousand years ahead of us in every way.

According to them, their planet revolves around the star Wolf 424, in the constellation Virgo, about 14 light-years from our solar system.

They arrived on our planet in 1950, making their first contact with the earth in southern France. Their first impressions and experiences with humans are of a level of interest beyond any adventure novel.

They are rather tall and blond, and their physique generally does not differ greatly from that of the Nordic people, which is why it is not difficult for them to go unnoticed among humans, usually presenting themselves as "Norwegians" who are doing some research work.

At least that's how they behaved in Spain during the time they were with us.

They had two secretaries in Madrid who wrote the letters and reports they dictated to their Spanish friends. These two secretaries were the only ones who knew their true identity, and at their request, they never personally communicated with the people to whom the letters were addressed.

Little by little, they've been exploring the five continents of our planet; according to them, UMMO's computers currently hold more data about the Earth than all our libraries.

But they have not only dedicated themselves to studying us, but they have also given us abundant information about their planet and the vehicles in which they travel, as well as about outer space and the basic constitution of matter. In this particular matter, they tell us that we are quite lost in terms of the ideas we have about their

composition at subatomic levels. Their explanations of how they make the journey, using the curvature of space and a kind of "heartbeat" of the Cosmos, are truly fascinating.

But since it doesn't fit with what astronomers know, they don't pay much attention to it.

The documentation is now quite extensive, very varied, and in many respects extremely interesting. It has been compiled and partially published by several authors, including Dr. Juan Aguirre, who was the first to organize it, and the writers Antonio Ribera, Rafael Farriols, and Father López Guerrero.

All these reports have been received over a period of about 20 years, usually in the form of letters arriving by regular mail and written not only by the

two secretaries in Madrid, but also by others they have in other countries, since in many cases the original report is in another language, as stated at the beginning of the document.

When I was living in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and completely unaware of the matter, I myself received a letter one day, a photograph of which the reader can see in these pages. In the upper left corner, it bore the well-known UMMO emblem, consisting of a capital H with a horizontal bar crossed by a vertical line. It doesn't appear in the photo because it's embossed.

The text of the letter is as follows:

Island of Puerto Rico
X-IV-MCMLXXXI

Mr. Salvador Freixedo
Aurora Catholic School
Calle Wilson 1366
Santurce
Puerto Rico

Sir: Our UMMOAELEWE Superior of UMMO has sent us your name and address along with those of two other OEMII (men) of that OYALII (society) so that we can initiate and maintain communication with you in one direction as far as possible.

We learned of your interest in us from one of your trips to Barcelona, Spain. So we simply studied it through our UULEWA (the kind of screens they have here), passing the report on to the XANMMO ISOO at UMMO (the large central computers they have on their planet).

The analysis was favorable and therefore he has been included as one of our possible contacts here, subject to your acceptance.

Each contact will have a different mission and yours, as a man of letters, will be to divulge the content of all the scientific information that we provide you, without necessarily revealing the source from which it emanates. We do not oppose you doing so if you wish, although we do not recommend it either, since it could negatively affect your image (already quite controversial) by becoming part of the so-called "UMMO Crazy People", so we leave it to your best discretion.

As this relationship must be purely voluntary on the part of each of the recipient parties, if you are satisfied with your choice, you must publish

the following sentence in the Sunday classified of your local English newspaper: OEMII-2 O.K.
We will wait four issues of the aforementioned Sunday edition, starting next Sunday, to hear your response. If you do not make an announcement within the scheduled time, we will consider your silence as a refusal and will not pursue it further.
Once your contact has been accepted, you are free to cancel it at any time, returning to publishing in the aforementioned Sunday edition: OEMII-2 K.O. Our presence here, not originally scheduled by our elders, dates back five years. It was initially motivated by a strange psychic phenomenon emanating from this island, causing serious disturbances to several of our brothers, about which we will inform you later. Once we obtained the motivation for our unexpected trip to Puerto Rico, we were entrusted with the geological study of its OYALII and, very specifically, the in situ inspection of the maritime abyssal trench existing to the north of it, which we are still carrying out.

Without further ado, I greet you.
AT 17

On the one hand, I was surprised to receive this letter because I had never done anything to communicate with them—although I confess that I had with others—but on the other hand, it didn't seem too strange to me since they were used to communicating with people who were distinguished by their study of the UFO phenomenon, and they have mainly done so with two groups of people, one in Madrid and another in Barcelona, most of whom are friends of mine.
As I did not mind coming into contact with them and on the other hand

which provided very interesting information, I did what they said. I went to The San Juan Star newspaper and wrote a short piece for the classified ads that read like this:

Buy Radionics Machine OEMII-2 OK new or used. Interested also in Machine WOAI. Call 722-1366.

The classifieds manager wouldn't admit it because he didn't understand what it meant and thought it might be key for drug traffickers. I had to rely on my personal friendship with the newspaper's editor and chief editor to get him to admit it, although I first had to make some changes and "explain" that OEMII—which actually means "man" or "male"—was a type of radionics machine. As so often in life, with lies I achieved what I couldn't have achieved with the truth.

However, exactly a week after the second announcement was published, I boarded the plane for Madrid, just as I had long planned, without seeing how it would all turn out or whether I would actually start receiving any communications.

I imagine that, faced with such an important matter, others would have preferred to stay and wait. But I've always thought that if these gentlemen or others of their ilk are so superior to us and truly want to help us, they should adhere to our way of life and adapt to our customs, instead of making us dance to their tambourine.

Upon my return to Puerto Rico after four months of absence, I thought I'd find some communication from the Ummites amidst the two sacks of mail waiting for me, but there was absolutely nothing, and I never received anything from them again. I don't know if they were angry at my thoughtlessness in not canceling my trip or if it was someone's joke, which I highly doubt.

Opinions regarding the veracity of the entire UMMO case vary widely. Some believe it's all real; and they think this, among other reasons, because of the great impact that Ummite communications have had on their lives; others think it's a massive human fabrication orchestrated by some government or some large society or institution to study certain psychological reactions or to boycott or promote certain mysterious "causes"; and finally, others suspend judgment in the face of such confusing data. I am among these.

This feeling inclines me to believe it's true because there's no denying the fascinating idea that beings almost like us come from the far reaches of the Universe to visit us and lift our spirits, even if only indirectly, by seeing how far we can go in our evolution.

Reason, however, does not give its total assent, even though there are

Aspects in the entire phenomenon tell me that it's real and not a human

fabrication. It would take too long to go into detail about these aspects now, but my long search in the realm of the paranormal has prepared me to admit things I wouldn't have otherwise. If I believe in the existence of other, much more subtle and "unreal" entities, I am logically obliged to admit the existence of beings who are almost like us, even if they come from a very distant star.

The vast distances, which our scientists find insurmountable, are not so for the Ummites, and they explain to us in great detail how they manage to overcome them. I don't know if their explanations are ultimately true or not—because they far exceed the limits of our current technology and science—but what cannot be denied is that they are fascinating.

Our scientists, however, do not deign to heed their reports and continue to believe that our technology—which includes rheumatic rockets that explode in mid-flight and travel at a cart's pace across the infinite distances of the Universe—is the most advanced in the Cosmos.

So, part of me is inclined to believe in the objective reality of the Ummites' visit and their physical presence among us. But on the other hand, I'm plagued by doubts. Sometimes they look too much like us. It seems as though the hypothetical authors of the montage went too far with their "human" features, to make us swallow the bait more easily.

But that is what puts us on guard.

We are suspicious of their religious ideas, for example. Their theological framework is too similar to ours, and their UMMO-WOA, or Redeemer, gives the impression of being a blatant copy of our Christs. If the idea of an incarnate God giving his life to "save" his people is difficult for us to accept here, seeing it repeated in UMMO is even more difficult for us.

Furthermore, certain psychological traits of theirs—for example, their intense self-respect when we don't believe them—remind us too much of humans. On the other hand, there's a strong possibility that the entire UMMO case is a perfectly conceived and executed setup, not by humans but by Jinn, as we'll see in the chapter dedicated to these entities. That is, a case of beings who proceed with a logic very similar to ours and therefore perfectly intelligible to humans, which isn't usually the case with most entities who communicate with contactees; the latter, in the long run, don't understand how and why the "space brothers" act as erratically as they usually do.

In the UMMO case, however, their actions are quite logical and understandable. In the spring of 1987, when I write these lines, after a period of silence,

For several years now, there has been a revival of the whole case, because people who years ago received letters from the Ummites have once again

received communications from them, via ordinary mail. We will be attentive to see how events unfold.

For all those readers who have not had the opportunity to see the documents sent by or related to the Ummites, I have selected two very diverse examples as examples. The first, rather anecdotal, is a letter sent to Mr. Enrique Villagrasa in 1967, describing the visit to Madrid by the young leader of all the Ummites then on our planet, who normally resided in Australia.

The letter was written by the Spanish secretary they had in Madrid, who, at their express wish, never contacted the recipients of the letters and remains anonymous to this day.

The letter reads as follows:

Dear Sir,

A few months ago, I wrote you a letter regarding a meeting we had planned, a meeting that, as I will tell you later, couldn't be held. I am the gentleman who, until now, has been typing what these gentlemen from the planet Ummo have dictated to me. I want to remind you that in my last letter, I told you my whole story. If I told it to many, they would think I was crazy, but you already know them and can understand me.

Even my wife, who until a few days ago was quite skeptical and believed they were espionage agents (you know that when a woman gets something into her head she doesn't reason and there's no one who can convince her with arguments), in view of what happened has had to surrender to the evidence, because now those who don't know this matter would do well not to believe it, because those of us who have lived through it, and I believe I have lived through it more than you, would have to be crazy not to admit these facts.

Since a few months ago, and since I wrote to you, more things have happened.

Other gentlemen from Ummo came to my house. I met one who didn't speak and another who seemed older and had been in South America for a long time. We've had a lot of work these days, and I know that they also dictate letters to another gentleman. (He's referring to the other secretary that the Ummo people had in Madrid.) I wrote under dictation to other gentlemen to whom we hadn't written before, all in Madrid except one in Valencia, this last one also a doctor, and the others are an engineer from the ICAI, a writer, a professor at the

University professor of exact sciences, and two others whose

professions I don't know. I spoke by phone with the professor of exact sciences, and he was very intrigued; he asked me many questions and finally told me he thought I was the one writing the reports that deal with a question he asked about something called "Lattice Theory." (If you could imagine how astonished he was by the answer he got. It was hard to make him believe I hadn't studied mathematics or was a professor as he claimed.) On the other hand, they have stopped writing to men who had previously known them, for example, the industrial engineer.

My brother-in-law, having been informed, had a disagreement with me about all this, as he felt this matter could cause us serious problems. But since I don't accept advice unless I'm given reasons, I told him to tell me what kind of trouble might happen to me, since by typing things dictated to me, I'm not breaking the law. The truth is, he was more frightened than I was, since he managed to convince me that they were telling the truth when they claimed to be from the Ummo.

But by dint of meeting them, I've convinced myself that they're the finest people I've ever seen. We on Earth would love to be as lacking in malice as they are, so understanding and impartial in our understanding of the most intimate matters. The sweetness and seriousness with which they rebuke and express themselves is the only way to portray them. And don't think they're naive; just looking at you, it seems they penetrate you.

But at the end of last year, they dictated some things to me in which they told one of the correspondents that one of their interplanetary ships was going to come between January and May.

Indeed, during a visit two of them made to me on Sunday, May 14, I noticed something was happening. They dictated a letter to me that astonished me, as it was a business letter addressed to Australia, requesting information about some thermal and acoustic insulation panels.

I'd never had anything like this dictated to me before. The strangest thing was that they brought me some papers and stamped the name of a Madrid-based commercial firm specializing in commercial space decoration. (Incidentally, out of curiosity, I went to that address and learned it was an architect we'd never written to.)

They also began to come to my house more frequently to dictate scientific matters to me, but in return they were less involved in this matter, because before, when a report was just written, it would be reviewed by their superior, who was called DEI 98, and he would tell me to send it by mail immediately. Now, however, they dictated more things and gave me a kind of agenda with

instructions to send them more spaced out on different dates to each person. For example, something I sent you about a diagram of the Ibozoo UU (atomic physics) I've had saved for a while, waiting for the date they set.

On Corpus Christi morning, they called me at eleven. I wasn't there, and my wife answered. They said they'd call back at two. Their superior, DEI 98, answered the phone and asked if he could speak with my yie (they call wives yie) and me at six in the evening about a very important matter for them. I said yes and, very concerned, told my wife about it, as he insisted that no one be home at that hour except for us.

At that time, DEI 98 arrived with another man I knew, whom he introduced to me as IAUDU 3. He didn't say a word. We met in the dining room, and DEI 98 told my wife and me that they were expecting one of their ships to land in Madrid on May 31st, or perhaps a little earlier, and that many of their "brothers" (they call each other brothers even though they aren't blood brothers) had come to Madrid for that reason.

They wished us what he called a great favor. He told us that the next day the superior officer of all those here on Earth would arrive in Madrid. She said she was coming from Singapore, via London, and that they had begun to study her accommodations and preferred that she spend the night in a private home rather than a hotel, making this plan contingent on my wife's and my acceptance, but begging us not to feel obligated in the least and that if we foresaw any inconvenience or felt any fears, we should speak freely.

My wife quickly agreed yes, but that she felt rushed since our house lacks the amenities of a hotel. However, she would sleep in our double bed, and we would make do on the sofa bed, or even, if necessary, go to my mother-in-law's house. For my part, I said my only concern was finding an explanation in case the doormen found out, although it wasn't really a big deal, saying, for example, that they were friends we met on vacation in Malaga, who were Swedish.

DEI 98 warned us that the ones who would be spending the night would be two women, YU 1, daughter of AIN 368, and another "sister", who from what I will tell you later, must be both his secretary and his maid (I will tell you later, since we had time to talk to her) and he also told us something that surprised us: that there was no way he would sleep in our bed and throw us out of there. That we should choose a free room and that his sister would sleep in the

floor! and the other sister could not be sleeping while she, the superior, was doing so.

On May 26th, at seven in the evening, ASOO 3, son of AGU 28, arrived. I already knew him, as he had dictated things to me for several people, along with the same silent gentleman from the day before. They carried an ordinary leather suitcase, very modern and medium-sized, which we believed would be the luggage for the two ladies or young ladies who were coming. They chatted with us after asking us to examine all the rooms. They told us they would wait until nightfall to do something. The superior would arrive at ten-thirty. We also learned that "several more brothers" were waiting outside and refused to accept anything but water.

It was already getting dark when they asked us to turn off the dining room light and open the balcony wide. The one who didn't speak Spanish sat motionless with his eyes closed, as if hypnotized, and the other took out a fountain pen, which began to make a continuous, up-and-down buzzing noise, as if they were being told something. Meanwhile, the other woke up from time to time and spoke to him in his own language.

It was already dark. It was about twenty to ten, and they placed the suitcase in front of the balcony and opened it. My wife and I sat there without saying a word, very impressed. Since there was a neon sign for an electrical and appliance store in front of us, we could clearly see what they were doing even though the lights were off. First, they looked closely at the balconies, which, while not directly in front of us, weren't far away on the other side. Then they began to take out some metallic balls the size of a tennis ball and other smaller ones from the suitcase. I had seen one months ago. It's extraordinary. They stay in the air and steer to all heights as if directed by radio. They also took out two others that, although not clearly visible, were similar in shape to those in Figure 2.[See illustration 6]*.*

In total, they would take out about twenty of different kinds. One by one, they would take them out onto the balcony, and like tiny bubbles or balloons, they would disappear into the street. At least four of them passed near the ceiling, skirting the lamp, and entered the hallway of the house. Then they asked our permission and went into the hallway, and we heard the front door open. When they returned, the suitcase was empty. Meanwhile, the man who didn't know Spanish was manipulating a metal rod with a disk in the center (see figure 3 in

illustration 6).

At a quarter to eleven there was a knock at the door. The most amazing thing was that while they were chatting with us, ASOO 3 told us that they had already arrived at the

street door, and although I know that the portal does not close until later, they told me that it was not prudent for me to go down to greet her.

We went out to open the door, very nervous. Two young women were accompanying DEI 98. One was taller, the other younger and more petite. They were wearing very modern suede coats: brown for the older woman and straw green for the younger woman, whom we already knew was the boss. Incidentally, she herself was carrying a leather or plastic briefcase that said BEA, from British Airlines. They had no other luggage. Both were blonde and wore their hair loose. They were dressed very modern but discreet.

The little girl (who was the boss), with an English accent and speaking Spanish very poorly, although she was understandable, approached my wife and said something like she was sincerely grateful for the hospitality of the country of Spain; we all went into the dining room, but only after the two gentlemen from before had said their goodbyes. In my life I have never felt more annoyed, because when we sat down, Miss YU 1, my wife and I, the older girl whose name was something like UU00 one hundred twenty-something and DEI 98, who is the man who has impressed me the most in my life for his infinite intelligence, remained standing, which was very awkward; and in that respect I do have a criticism, because although it is customary among them towards their superior, out of respect, they must have realized that my wife and I were very awkward.

For example, I, who never miss a thing, noticed that every time she asked them something, they would lower their eyes, as if they didn't dare look at her. She's practically a child. She wasn't even 19, as far as we know, but she looked 16. The other girl looked between 23 and 25. What most surprised my wife was that she, being one of the youngest people here (on Earth), was the one in charge, and she couldn't think of anything else to do but tell them so. The three of them laughed, and she told us not to believe that young girls rule in Ummo; that it depended on many factors.

We talked a lot about Spanish customs. The only thing she disliked was bullfighting. There was no mention of Planet Ummo. She asked us

many questions about the Spanish regime; she knew a lot about the referendum and even the Cortes. I told her we hadn't wanted to understand politics since the Reds killed my father in the war.

I was amazed at what she knew. My wife listened timidly, not daring to speak. She noticed and very sweetly began to talk about Spanish cuisine and how it saddened her greatly to know that Spanish women read little and are not intellectually trained like men, and that she was sure that femininity was never lost with

a higher education. Then she smiled at the other woman, who opened her travel bag and handed my wife a wonderful household encyclopedia, with color plates in Spanish.

We had dinner there. My wife was astonished because they forced her to let them help her. What astonished us even more was that they ate with us; they refused to drink wine. They had already told us they wanted a sober dinner, and my wife had prepared boiled potatoes, soft-boiled eggs, and fruit (oranges and bananas) for them. Another shocking thing that happened was that she begged so much that at the end of dinner, she (the superior) insisted on washing the dishes herself, and her secretary stood there without helping, according to what my wife later told me. Incidentally, her shyness overcame her, and they chatted a lot while they were drying the dishes.

I was left talking after dinner with DEI 98. Another thing that struck us was that before they started eating, they asked us to take off their shoes. The older lady knelt down and casually took off her boss's shoes, and then they took off their own. During dinner, they sat but didn't speak, as my wife didn't ask them any questions.

The most violent part came later, as they very discreetly asked us to leave. We begged again for them to lie down on our bed, or at least on a sofa bed, but it was no use.

DEI 98 went out into the street. I learned he was going to a nearby hotel where they had temporarily set up some sort of official center. I think his sole mission was to protect Miss YU 1. I also think several of them were wandering around the area all night.

I say it was very violent because he wouldn't even let my wife give him a blanket. He told us, smiling, that he was just going to sleep on the floor, in the dining room. We were at a loss for what to do or say. The older lady, who spoke Spanish much better than her superior, asked our permission to "throw something on the floor," telling us not to worry because the next day it wouldn't be noticeable and wouldn't

damage the tiles.

She pulled out a nickel-plated cylinder, and an incredible amount of yellow foam came out, leaving a large stain on the floor like varnish. We didn't even dare ask. Mrs. Yu stayed inside, and the three of us left. The other woman said she wouldn't go to bed; she'd be standing in the hallway all night. When we entered the bedroom, we were so nervous and worried that we didn't even dare undress. I don't know why my wife thought to make me even more nervous by saying the police might be coming, as if we were committing a crime or something bad.